

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XIII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1884.

No. 6.

"WELCOME SOAP"



The merit and value of any manufactured article always corresponds with the reputation of the manufacturers.

In Soap, quality, not price, should be the first consideration—for while strong, rank, alkali Soaps undoubtedly remove dirt quickly, consumers can hardly afford to furnish "dry goods" against the destructive properties of common Soaps and washing powders.

"WELCOME SOAP"

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Nest and convenient COTTAGE HOUSE,
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CHOICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS,
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Of every description.

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THE YANKEE BLADE.

44TH YEAR.

Marvellous Success under New Regime.
Subscribers increased more than five hundred
per cent. in the past year.

Great Attractions for 1884.

12 elegant Serials, 200 short stories, Cream or
Current Wit, great variety, no trash, every word
pure.

Among the serials now in preparation are the
following:

A story of the great Telegraphic Strike. By
Helen M. Winslow, author of "Shawheen Mills" and
other popular writings;

A story of Border Ruffianism and the John
Brown days in Kansas. By Rev. Epriam Nute,
depot in Arlington, and has since furnished
Victor Hugo material for one of his great tales;

A story of English social life. By Bertha M.
Clay, a brilliant and prolific writer, begun in the
number for November 1883, and furnished com-
plete to all subscribers for '84 who order before
Jan. 1st; and

A story of Blockade Running and Marine War-
fare. By an officer of the United States Navy,
whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be given.

A Distinguishing feature of the Blade is Stories
of Real Life, and written, so far as possible, by
actual participants. Another characteristic is to
rigidly exclude everything demoralizing to the
young. This makes it a favorite family paper.

TERMS.—\$2 a year, which is less than one
cent for each hour's entertaining reading. Lib-
eral commissions to live agents.

THE BLADE and the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE
will be furnished for \$3.00.

Order at once through this office, so as to get
the best local paper and the best literary paper
and begin with the new year.

WALK IN
— to the —
**SPECIAL
SALE**

GRANT & COBB'S,

and examine the wonderful bargains
they are offering in new and fresh

HAMBURGS—New, Desirable, and Cheap.
CAMBRICS—Best Goods, Latest Patterns.
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GHAMBRAYS—Fast Colors and Reversible.
GINGHAMS—Scotch Style of Plaids.
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TABLE DAMASKS—Bleached, Cream, and
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NAPKINS—Red, Striped or Fancy—Plain or
Fringed.

COTTONS—All Kinds—All Widths.

SAINSOAKS—Stripes, Plaid and Fancy.

QUILTS—All Desirable Kinds.

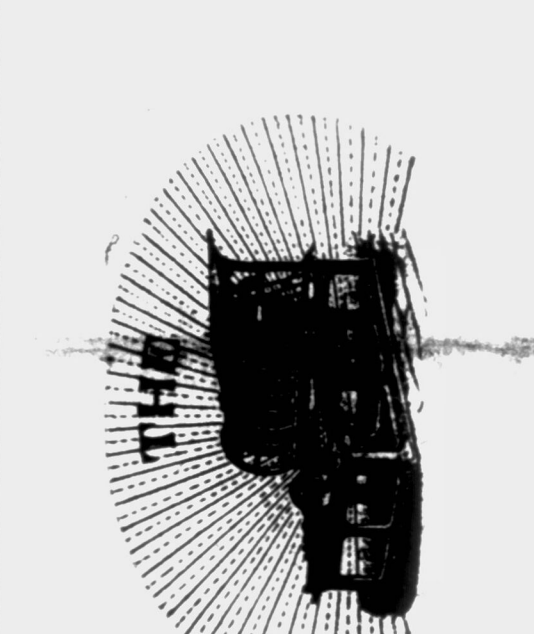
HOSIERY—Ladies', Gents', and Children's.

—GENTS' FURNISHINGS—Anything and ev-
erything and many other things too numerous to
mention, all of which were bought at the lowest
cash rates, and will be re-sold for the same.

Also don't forget that we are the SOLE AGENTS
for the National Laundry, Buttericks' Patterns,
and Chelsea Dye House.

Fine, Pure Confectionery—fresh every week.

GRANT & COBB,
Bank Building, Arlington.



THE

YANKEE

BLADE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT THIS OFFICE.

JOE PRINTING

Of every description at this office.

OFFICE OF THE
CITIZENS' LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE,
9 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass., Jan. 12, '84.

To the Law Abiding People of Massachusetts:

The misery, pauperism, crime, and increased
taxation which the intemperate use of alcoholic
drinks inflicts upon the people of Massachusetts,
are well known to all. It is believed that all good
citizens, without regard to their views as to leg-
islation on this subject, are agreed that the exist-
ing laws of the State for the regulation of the liquor
traffic should be obeyed by the dealers, in letter
and in spirit.

The Citizens' Law and Order League of Mas-
sachusetts was organized for the sole purpose of
securing obedience to these laws. The success
which has attended these efforts thus far, assures
us that great good can be accomplished in this
line in all parts of the State. The League does
not agitate the questions of prohibition or il-
license; abstinence or moderation; but seeks by
legitimate and proper means to secure the en-
forcement of existing laws.

To make the objects, methods and results of
the organization better known to the people of the
State, we have decided to invite those who ap-
prove our objects to meet with us in mass conven-
tion in Tremont Temple, on the 23d of February,
1884. It is proposed to hold three meetings: the
first beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., the second at
2 p. m., and an evening session at 7.30 o'clock.

Distinguished speakers from different portions
of the State and from other States will address the
convention.

All members of the League, all members of
Branch Leagues, members of all temperance so-
cieties and churches in the State, are especially
invited to be present.

Let us assemble with a determination to do as
much as we are able to diminish the evils of in-
temperance with the agencies now at command.
Sinking for the time all differences, let us com-
bine on a common platform, with a determina-
tion to meet the organization of law-breakers with a
more powerful organization of law-abiding citi-
zens. All persons favoring this convention, and
intending to be present, are requested to com-
municate the fact to our secretary, Mr. L. Edwin
Dudley, 9 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass.

ROBERT S. FROST, President.

THOMAS TALBOT, First V. Pres.

JOHN G. WHESTER, Sec. V. Pres.

CHAR. A. BODGES, Treasurer.

L. EDWIN DUDLEY, Secretary.

B. B. JOHNSON, Exec. Com.

FRANK FOXBORO, G. L. & O. L.

GEO. H. QUINCY, of Mass.

— Mrs. Booth, the mother of Edwin
Booth, the actor, was injured by a fall in
New York on Wednesday. Her age, 80
years makes the injuries sustained quite
serious.

(Correspondence.)

MR. EDITOR:—It may be that the peo-
ple of Lexington have become, by long
familiarity with the advantages and at-
tractions of its locality, particularly in-
sensible to their merits, while to the
mind of the new-comer they appear al-
most in the vivid light of romance.

It may well be doubted if there is anoth-
er community of 2500 people in New En-
gland possessing equal sources of munici-
pal, domestic, social and religious facili-
ties. So accustomed have the people
become to social order that the smallest
departure therefrom appears to them like
an outrage on the sanctuary itself. So
high are their demands and expectations
that one may almost fear they fail to ap-
preciate the efforts of those whom they
entrust with the execution of their wishes.

What nice roads we have on which we
can walk or ride to delightful rural re-
treats! Do they not suggest the efficien-
cy and faithfulness of those having the
care of them? But quitting the lecture
attitude, let us simply glance at other of
Lexington's attractions. First its places
of public worship free of proselytism, the
prosperity of all the pride of each,—with
its accompanying facilities of social in-
tercourse and intellectual improvement.

Its splendid Library a grand supplement-
ary educational power; its proximity to
the great New England metropolis of lit-
erature, art and trade giving us all the
benefit of the artistically healthful in-
fluences of the city while leaving us the full
enjoyment of rural seclusion. The dis-
tance of Lexington from Boston is at the
agreeable mean. Were we much nearer
we should become socially indolent and
rely too much on city entertainment.

Were we much farther we should miss
that connective influence which in the do-
main of art, etc., emanates from metro-
politan centers. Consider also the repu-
tation so legitimately earned of Lexing-
ton's sanitary advantages as shown by
the patronage of two large summer ho-
tels. The healthfulness of Lexington is
getting to be proverbial.

Moreover should not Lexington be in-
dulged in the manifestation of pride both
for her historical and later personal as-
sociations? To every student of Ameri-
can history Lexington is a family word
as indicating the spot where American
heroism first grappled with British tyr-
anny.

And again Lexington is the birth place
of Theodore Parker, who, to use the lan-
guage of a Boston paper concerning him
and his oratory, was the greatest terror
to evil doers America ever had. The
people of Lexington may well felicitate
themselves that this champion of liberty
came forth from among them.

Lastly, was it not a son of Lexington
whom the great Democratic Goliath de-
fied? saying, "who art thou that cometh
forth to meet me in battle? Behold I
will give thy flesh to the beasts of the
field and the fowls of the air." And did
not this Philistine with his spear like a
(bunting) weaver's beam fall by the peb-
bles of argument and reason which our
David slung at his head?

On the whole, Lexington may stand
erect.

OBSERVER.

(Correspondence.)

IMPROVEMENT.

Any one familiar with the town will not
fail to observe that in the event of ad-
ditional territory being demanded for re-
sidences handy to the depot, the estates
that lie north of the railroad will be
among the most available, and this in-
cludes lands belonging to Messrs. Cutter,
Winn, Crosby, Mrs. Davis, Mr. John P.
Wyman and others. We use names to
fix in the mind of the reader the idea of
the writer. The town's need is addi-
tional taxable property, and this cannot
be realized unless some one makes a move
that promises it. The area this article
contemplates exceeds eighty acres,
healthy in location and most admirable
in prospect and of wide contemplation.

At no distant day the removal of the
depot will require, for the convenience of
those living on Mystic street and the
spurs of streets diverging from it
through the estates alluded to, a more di-
rect avenue to it; that is to say, a street
to start from Mystic street north of the
residence of Mr. George Winn, across Mr.
Fowle's mill pond to the junction of Rus-
sell street on Water street, thence with
the last named street widened, to Arling-
ton Avenue. This new and level made
street would be the key to a multitude of
new residences, all beautifully located,
convenient to depot, stores, schools and
churches and add the taxable property
Arlington stands badly in need of.

ISGONISH.

— Mrs. Booth, the mother of Edwin
Booth, the actor, was injured by a fall in
New York on Wednesday. Her age, 80
years makes the injuries sustained quite
serious.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS
IN ARLINGTON.

—Mr. R. A. White, will officiate at the
Unitarian church.

—Miss Virginia F. Townsend is making
her winter home at Arlington Heights.

—Mr. Stickney has set up in his store
in Swan's Block a new show case for the
display of his fine stock of plated goods.

—A series of illustrated lectures is to
be inaugurated at the Unitarian church,
commencing on the evening of Feb. 25.

—Prof. Churchill gives a choice selec-
tion of readings in Town Hall, next Wed-
nesday evening.

—Post 36, G. A. R., meets at Bethel
Lodge room, next Thursday evening.
These meetings are on the second and
fourth Thursdays of each month.

—Business in every department of town
industries is dull, if we may except the
ice tool factory of Messrs. Wm. T. Wood
& Co.

—March 5th is the date now named for
the annual masquerade of the "Six Odd
Associates." It will be a grand affair this
year as on former occasions.

—There is a growing interest in the
meetings at the Baptist church. The
praise service which precedes the meet-
ings is found peculiarly pleasing to all.

—Arlington Heights sent five delegates
to the convention in Tremont Temple,
last Tuesday. The centre of the town did
not appoint any.

—Union Hall, Arlington Heights, is to
be turned into a skating rink, and will be
open every evening next week (Tuesday
excepted) for that exhilarating sport.
The particulars will be found in our ad-
vertising columns.

—There is talk of a skating rink in
Arlington centre and one will be opened
if proper quarters can be found. The
project of a bowling alley is being agi-
tated among the young men, to the ex-
tent of procuring estimates, etc.

—The usual monthly sociable of Pleas-
ant street Congregational church, Wed-
nesday evening, was enlivened with four-
hand piano selections by Miss Nellie
Hardy and Mrs. Ware, and reading by
Mrs. David Puffer, Jr. A little over one
hundred sat down to supper.

—Sociable and supper at the Baptist
church next Tuesday evening. Supper
will be served at 6.30 o'clock, to be fol-
lowed with an entertainment and the
usual closing sociabilities. These are the
most enjoyable when everybody attends.

—John McCafferty was arrested for be-
ing drunk and disorderly, last Sunday,
and locked up. In court on Monday
he was fined \$5 and costs. He appealed,
and in default of bonds, was turned over
to the care of Capt. Adams, at East Cam-
bridge.

—Rev. W. H. Daniels will continue his
series of discourses in Union Hall next
Sunday morning on the Christian graces.
Subject, "The hope of immortality." He
will also preach in the evening, at
seven o'clock; subject, "The two build-
ers; or, the house on the rock and on the
sand." All are invited.

—Sunday school concert at Pleasant
street church, Sunday evening, at 6.30
o'clock. Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexing-
ton, will present a panoramic view of
Jerusalem, and explain the customs and
manners of the people. The service will
be one of rare interest, to which all are
welcome.

—We do not wonder at the success of
the Pleasant street grocery store, owned
by Mr. C. M. Hall. Stocked with all
that is best and freshest in the grocery
line, and presided over by a genial gen-
tleman and specially competent assis-
tants, it meets the requirements of such a
business in every respect.

—The party by "Six Odd Associates,"
given in Swan's Hall, Wednesday eve-
ning, was a decided financial success, but
the storm prevented some of the tickets
from being represented. About thirty
couples participated, and floor manager
Pierce, with his aids, managed the party
to the enjoyment of all. There was a de-
gree of sociability in the hall rarely at-
tained and those attending will long re-
member this enjoyable feature.

—The entertainment at the Unitarian
church vestry, last Friday evening, was
one of exceptional interest, both in vari-
ety and character. Extracts from King
Henry IV. were finely rendered by
Messrs. Locke, Bucknam, Celley, Russell
and Parmenter, and this was followed
with a delightful operetta, written by
Prof. S. P. Prentiss, entitled "The Leis-
ure Hour." The idea is, a wearied moth-
er sits down, after completing (as she
supposes) every possible task, for a bit
of rest, only to be crushed between an
avalanche of calls from servant and child-

ren. The musical numbers are sprightly
and full of expression and the applause
with which it was greeted was more than
a friendly compliment to the author.
The parts were well sustained by Esther
and Amy Bailey, Helen Hopkins, Agnes
Damon, Ethel Bacon and Willie Foster.
The entertainment closed with the fami-
liar "Old Gooseberry," with characters by
Messrs. Celley and Schouler, Misses Ella
F. Burditt and Emma L. Locke. The au-
dience was one of the largest yet gath-
ered at these entertainments.

—Rev. C. H. Watson has prepared and
we have printed for him, in a neat and
convenient form, the topics for the social
meetings of the Baptist church for the
balance of the year 1884, as well as other
matters of interest pertaining to the meet-
ings of that church, to be placed in the
hands of every member. Each year the
printing press and the newspaper comes
nearer the point of occupying their true
relation to the church and its work.

—The circulation of the ADVOCATE is
not falling off. During the three months
ending Jan. 31, 1883, Richardson & Co.
sold and paid us for 909 copies of the
ADVOCATE. During the corresponding
time this year they sold and paid us for
878 copies. A difference so small as this
would be accounted for by the succession
of stormy Fridays and Saturdays during
this winter, more reasonably than by giv-
ing any other reason. But the increase
in regular subscribers is considerably
more than the three copies a week less
transient sales, as we shall be pleased to
show any one interested.

—The House has passed a bill re-
storing Fitz John Porter to the army by
a large majority. Unfortunately parti-
sanship became an element in the de-
bate, else the number of those voting
against it would have been smaller
than it was. We believe that the Court
which convicted Porter was sustained by
the evidence before it. But twenty
years has added a mass of new and im-
portant facts which warranted him in
asking for a new trial, and the Court
making it in finding a different verdict.

—Ellen Terry, the great English ac-
tress who accompanies Irving in his
dramatic tour in this country, is a mar-
ried lady. Her husband is Mr. Wardell,
an actor, and he has adopted the
stage name of Charles Kelly. Miss
Terry is, therefore, Mrs. Wardell in
private life. She is the sister of Kate
Terry, who visited Chicago twenty
years ago with Charles Kean. She has
two sisters on the English stage at the
present time—Florence and Marion
Terry.

—Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
whose gentle voice and pleasant man-
ners are worshiped by the poor people
of Gloucester, is a slender, graceful wo-
man of 39 years. She has dark-brown
hair, sympathetic blue eyes, a rather
long, thin nose and a facile mouth
which is never at rest. She is in deli-
cate health, brought about by her la-
bors among the poor.

—Salvini's domestic circle consists
of two daughters and a son, Alessan-
dro, the latter of whom is playing in
this country. His home is a delightful
villa situated in the suburbs of Flo-
rence, and made happy by the untiring
devotion of his daughters.

—The Wakefield Banner says it is
rumored that Dr. Azel Ames will now
devote himself to the general practice of
his beneficent profession, "but we will
not hazard a guess as to his probable
location."

OUR REPORTER'S WORK
IN LEXINGTON.

—Next Wednesday evening there will
be an entertainment in Town Hall for the
benefit of Post 119, consisting of an il-
lustrated lecture by Rev. C. L. Rhoades,
formerly pastor of the Lexington Baptist
church. The lecture will be made up of
scenes and events of the war of the re-
bellion, and will be illustrated with the
stereopticon by a thorough artist in such
exhibitions. Mr. Rhoades is a fine speak-
er, as all our people are aware, his theme
is an inspiring one, and the object sought
is one worthy the most generous sup-
port. Our citizens should rally to the as-
sistance of Post 119 in its effort to relieve
itself of debt and make provision for the
future. The price of tickets is 25 cents;
reserved seats, 35 cents.

—Wednesday evening a select com-
pany of about sixty ladies and gentlemen
gathered in the west parlor of Massachu-
setts House to listen to an address on ar-
t matters from a former resident at that
house, Mrs. Schumacher, of Boston, an

enthusiastic art student and a competent
teacher. Her subject was the immortal
Raphael, and the lady lecturer presented
him through his works, in the three
marked epochs of his brilliant career; and
with the aid of some forty choice photo-
graphs, made the salient points of her ad-
dress clear to her hearers. The affair
was a pleasant and graceful testimonial
to a respected friend which afforded mu-
tual satisfaction and pleasure.

—The Baptist church sociable, at the
residence of Mrs. Houghton, last Wed-
nesday evening, was a peculiarly pleas-
ant gathering, about forty being present
in spite of the storm. Supper was served
at early evening, and the later evening
was spent socially, games being intro-
duced and Messrs. Chafey, Davis, Glenn
and Dr. Tilton favoring the company with
musical numbers. Other engagements
prevented the attendance of the pastor,
he being busy superintending the packing
of his furniture preparatory to moving
to town.

—Rev. W. J. W. Finlay, curate at Og-
densburg, N. Y., in the Diocese of Albany,
will officiate at the Episcopal chapel next
Sunday morning. The hour of service
hereafter will be at quarter before eleven.
The communion will be administered at
the close of morning service.

—At the meeting of the debating soci-
ety, next Tuesday evening, the subject of
biennial election will be discussed. That
is a capital subject, as it is a practical
matter and well worthy the attention of
every one. There are strong defenders of
our present plan and equally able advo-
cates of a change in the term of State of-
ficers.

—The monthly sociable of Hancock
church was held at the residence of Mr.
Levi Prosser, Thursday evening, and
church and society was well represented.
Miss Bartlett presented a carefully pre-
pared paper on the Rhine river. The
points described were shown by photo-
graphic views, and the paper was enliven-
ed by being interspersed with patriotic
German music.

—Mr. George E. Muzzey's old horse
"Jenny," died of old age last week.
The faithful animal carried Mr. Muzzey
through the war and since then has been
cared for by him. The horse was over
thirty years of age.

—Mr. Timothy Ryan, supposed to be
Lexington's oldest inhabitant, died at the
residence of his son John, on Bedford
street, last Friday. He had attained the
very remarkable age of ninety-nine years,
eight months.

—The frame of the house Mr. Flanders
is erecting on Bloomfield street has been
put up this week. Our capitalists would
do well to follow his example and erect
twenty new houses in the next three
months. The outward movement from
Boston is in this direction.

—The Messrs. Raymond brothers, hav-
ing performed the last sad rites over the
remains of one that all loved, left the
blighted home on Thursday to join father
and mother at Santa Barbara, Cal., where
they are spending the winter in search of
health.

—A son of Mr. J. F. Turner, about four
years old, broke his leg in two places by
falling on the ice while visiting his grand-
father at Concord, last Friday.

—Our young people are rehearsing for
a benefit to be tendered Miss Paine, the
organist of the Baptist church, at an ear-
ly date. Full particulars will be given
later.

—It spoils the effect of many a
"reformer's" plea for a change in town
officers, to have it known that the "re-
former" aspires to the management of
affairs if not to a prominent office.

—The Catholic T. A. Society had their
annual party in Town Hall, last Friday
evening. About sixty couples were pre-
sent and the party was a financial and so-
cial success.

—A mock trial will be one of the fea-
tures of the Unity Club entertainment on
the evening of Feb. 22.

—The Catholic Temperance Society will
give a party in Town Hall on the evening
Feb. 21.

—A tirade of abuse against our town
officers is no way to correct mistakes or
evils that may exist.

—Mr. Fred Babcock has a fine lot of
valentines on sale at the Lexington Post
Office. "The stock is well worth an exam-
ination."

—Next Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock,
Rev. C. A. Staples will deliver a lecture,
in the Unitarian church, on "Socinus and
the early Unitarians."

—A pleasant entertainment in the Uni-
tarian church vestry this evening is worth
patronage by all.

THE GRUMBLER.

He grumbles in the morning,
On rising from his bed,
He grumbles at his breakfast,
At the coffee, cakes and bread;
He grumbles at his napkin,
He grumbles at his knife,
He grumbles at the table-cloth,
And grumbles at his wife;
He grumbles at the paper
While he's reading o'er the news,
He grumbles at the cobbler
When he buys a pair of shoes.
He grumbles at the clock
When it's striking out the hour,
And he grumbles at the "deluge,"
When there comes a little shower.
He grumbles at the children
When they're playing in the street,
He grumbles at the butcher,
At the way he cuts the meat.
He grumbles at his little dog,
If it only wags its tail,
And when the wind but gently blows
He grumbles at the "gale."
He grumbles when a bill comes in,
No matter though 'tis small,
He grumbles at the servants,
He grumbles at us all.
He grumbles at the darkness,
When he has to light the gas,
And he grumbles at the matches,
The unhappy, grumbling ass!
He grumbles at the prices,
He grumbles at his stocks,
He grumbles at his feet
When he buys a pair of socks.
He grumbles at the summer
When the sun is rather warm,
And he grumbles at the "winter"
Every time we have a storm.
He grumbles at a question,
He grumbles at a smile;
At church he grumbles at the people
Who are standing in the aisle.
He grumbles at his daughter
When she wants a little money,
And he grumbles when she laughs
At something very funny.
He grumbles at the rich man,
He grumbles at the poor,
He grumbles at the beggars
When they knock upon his door.
He grumbles at his rent-day,
When the landlord's to be paid.
He grumbles in the sunshine,
He grumbles in the shade,
He grumbles at a wagon
If it stands before the door,
And he grumbles if a crumb of bread
Is dropped upon the floor.
He grumbles in his little room,
He grumbles on the stairs,
He grumbles all the way to church,
He grumbles after prayers.
He grumbles in his sleep
While lying in his bed—
And I often fancy to myself
He'll grumble when he's dead.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE

"Of course he'll make his fortune!" said Lally Hilton.
"A man with his talents cannot possibly help it," said Rose.
"I wish I was going to the city," said Joe, the younger brother, with a sigh which was pumped up from the very soles of his hob-nailed shoes.
And Willis Hilton smiled in a superior fashion and looked after the key of his new leather satchel, while, at the same time, he made sure that the steel chain of his silver watch—Uncle Zephaniah's gift—was securely attached to the button of his waistcoat.
Willis Hilton was a genius—at least, so his mother, his Uncle Zephaniah and the principal of the district school had always declared.
He had a manuscript poem in his traveling-bag, as well as a series of sketches, which were meant to reflect in a sarcastic style on the leading follies and frivolities of the day, and the notes of a novellette which he intended some day to write.
He had also a change of linen, a fountain pen, some new cravats and a celluloid collar, to say nothing of a bottle of camphor, some of Grandmother Smith's salve and some home-made sticking-plaster.
And what more could any young man from the country desire for an outfit?
Mrs. Petronel, who had visited at the farm-house summer before last and whose big trunk couldn't be carried up the winding stairway, but had to be left in the milk-room during the whole of her sojourn, had told him, when she went away, always to consider her house, in Blackford Square, his home, and honest Willis had taken her at her word.
So he kissed the old grandmother, wrung Uncle Zeph's horny hand, hugged the girls all around, and gave little Joe his one-bladed knife as a parting souvenir, and then separated by the 3 o'clock train for the great city wherein, according to his hopes and dreams, were centered all the germs of his future prosperity.
Mrs. Petronel did not remember him just at first. This was a little awkward, especially as her sisters—two pretty, plump young ladies—stood watching the scene behind the statue of Psyche in the hall.
Willis Hilton blushed, stammered and explained, wishing himself, the while, in the antipodes.
"So awkward of me!" said Mrs. Petronel, with a sudden gleam of recollection. "But you know it is ages since I saw you. I remember now perfectly. Mr. Hilton, to-be-sure! How good of you to come and call! I'm only sorry we are just going out. I would ask you to dinner to-morrow, only there are a lot of people coming who would all be strangers to you, and you wouldn't enjoy it at all. But I hope you will drop in some evening when we are all alone. Family at the farm-house all well! So glad to hear it! But I won't detain you any longer. Good-bye!"
And Mrs. Petronel smiled him out of the front door with so bland an air that our poor hero hardly knew that he had been civilly dismissed, until he found himself standing on the outside of the huge black-walnut panels, with an echo in his ears which sounded very like—
"The assurance of these country people! Why, they are the merest strangers in the world to me!"
Willis Hilton bit his lip; the color mounted in a burning flood to his cheek. Had some one knocked him down, he

revelation could not have been more sudden or painful.
Mrs. Petronel had stayed six weeks at Hilton Farm, and he had driven her out, taken her to the prettiest places in the neighborhood, collected ferns and grasses for her—in short, been her faithful servant and cavalier the whole time—and now she ignored the invitation she had so cordially given, and hoped he would drop in some evening when they were all alone.
And he thought of his slender stock of money, and wondered what he had better do? Of course there would not be so much sordid difficulties to consider when he had once sold his poem and found a market for his "Satirical Sketches." But in the meantime—
"Mr. Hilton! Oh, I beg your pardon, but I've been running so fast!"
And Willis found himself unexpectedly vis-a-vis with a pretty, rosy girl, who was very much out of breath.
"I am Kate Petronel," said she. "I heard what my sister-in-law said to you; and, oh, I am so sorry she was rude! I can't invite you to the house, because I'm only there on sufferance; but my cousin, Mrs. Rhodes, keeps a very nice, homelike little boarding house on Echo street. I'll show you the place, and she won't charge you anything if you tell her I sent you."
Willis Hilton bit his lip. Had his face, then, so plainly revealed the consternation of his mind?
"I do not wish to live on charity," he said.
"Oh, but just for the present?" said Kate Petronel, persuasively. "Of course we've all got to begin in the world, and I'm sure you'll like Aunt Rhodes."
So Kate led him to the corner of Echo street, and pointed out No. 38, and bade him adieu.
"I shall see you sometimes, I hope?" said he, wistfully.
"I shouldn't wonder," said Kate, laughing. "I often come to Aunt Rhodes, and help her with the house-mending, of an evening. And I was at your grandmother's farm-house once, when I was a little girl, getting over the measles, and they were all so kind to me. You were away at school. But I never have forgotten the sweet apples they baked for me, and the big pears I picked for myself off the tree in the corner of the garden."
And Kate Petronel ran away with the tears sparkling in her eyes.
The house on Echo street lacked the plate glass and polish of the Blackford Square mansion; but old Mrs. Rhodes made him welcome, gave him the supper he so sorely needed, and showed him to a little room which was barely large enough to hold a cot-bedstead, a washstand, and a six-by-nine looking glass.
And here he slept soundly all the first night, although the horse-cars thundered by at ten minute intervals, the milk wagons rattled over the stones, and the rag-and-bottle men aroused in their night at "5 o'clock in the morning."
"My first day in New York!" said Willis Hilton to himself. "And I'm determined to make it a success."
Alas, our poor hero! Need we follow him, in turn, to the sanctums of busy editors, who scarcely glanced at the literary treasures over which he had toiled so ceaselessly, to the swarming offices of the newspapers which seemed to spring up by instinct from the revolving presses, the elegant reception-rooms of high-toned monthly magazines?
"An epic poem!" ejaculated Mr. Nimble, with his pen between his teeth. "Young man, where have you been brought up? No, we don't want it. Simon sketch in the next man!"
"Sketches!" said the spectacled personage behind the desk, in another "private office." "That sort of thing don't go down nowadays with the reading public."
"If you would do me the favor to look at them, sir—" faltered Willis.
"Much obliged; but we'd rather not," said the spectacled gentleman. "John, hand me the directory!"
And this, with trifling variations, was the programme of the day.
The last place into which Willis dragged his weary limbs was the office of a thriving illustrated weekly. The editor gave a groan.
"My dear young man," said he, "you are the thirteenth person who has been here since noon to sell me an article which is perfectly unsalable. Poetry and sketches are played out. Do you see that scrap basket? Well, it has been emptied twice to-day, and is running over for the third time with just such pretty rhymes and spicy sentences as you have there. We don't even take the trouble to read 'em. But," with a softening of his voice as the haggard young man turned away, "do you really want to work?"
"If I don't work I must starve!" said Willis, despairingly.
The editor looked at him with a certain pity in his eyes. Perhaps he, too, had once been a friendless young man from the country.
"Can you write a decent hand?" said he. "Here"—pushing forward a sheet of paper—"copy the leading paragraph of to-day's paper. Pretty fair—tolerably distinct. Well, we want a man to direct wrappers for us. Ten dollars a week. Not much at first, but it may lead to promotion, if you understand yourself and are not afraid of work. Will you have it? Yes or no? I've no time to dally!"
"I shall be thankful to earn a little money for myself," said Willis Hilton, fervently. "And I am most grateful for this opportunity."
And so went out the light of the rising author of Cedar Glen, the genius of the old Hilton farm.
He burned his poems and sketches in secret, and sat diligently to work on the newspaper wrappers.
Kate Petronel said she thought he had done right when next she came to Mrs. Rhodes to help with the house linen.
"But I don't see why you left the farm," said she, looking at him with those clear, hazel, soft eyes of hers over a heap of disabled table-napkins.
"I wanted to be something above a farmer," said Willis, sadly.
"That's nonsense," said Kate. "A farmer's is the most independent life in the world!"
"Do you think so?" said Willis.
"Of course I do," Kate responded. "A farmer needn't ask odds of any one. And then, only to think of being always in sight of trees, and buttercups, and clover blossoms! Oh, dear! I only wish I lived in the country!"
Willis Hilton said nothing more, but

then and there he made up his mind. And the next autumn he came back to the farm.
"Why, Uncle Zephaniah," said he, "I've decided to stick to the old business."
"Eh?" said Uncle Zeph. "But you're agnostic, Willis, you know!"
"I am not sure whether I am or not," said Willis, with a smile. "At all events I've determined to come back and display my abilities on the farm. My wife likes the idea, and—"
"Your wife!" said Uncle Zephaniah. "Kate Petronel," explained Hilton. "We were married last week. I'm going back after her to-morrow."
"Well," said Uncle Zephaniah, reflectively chewing a dead cherry-leaf, "that's the best news I've heard yet!"
So Mr. and Mrs. Hilton went to house-keeping in a modest way, and thrived exceedingly, and Willis has almost forgotten how to make and like rhyme, but he is great on selecting a pair of oxen or fertilizing a field of rye.
And when Mrs. Petronel, of Blackford Square, hints how fond she is of the country, and how the gaieties of Newport and Saratoga pall upon her senses, Kate and Willis are deaf.
"She shall never be invited here again," says Kate, screwing up her rosebud of a mouth in a most decided manner. And Willis only laughs, and remarks, sagely:
"My love, your will is law!"
A Lighthouse Heroine's Home.
A Newport (R. I.) correspondent says: Within a short mile of the quay at Newport, Lyme rock rises out of the water of Narragansett Bay. On this rock stands the old lighthouse which was tended for many years by the father of Ida Lewis, and of which she now under the seal of the Government commission, is keeper. Securing the services of the captain of a diminutive boat I sailed on the waters blue to her abode for the purpose of paying her my respects. As we approached the rock an immense mastiff, with head and paws like a lion and a roar like far-off thunder, came to its extreme verge and disputed our landing. He was entirely successful until the heroine appeared, called him off in the lowest of tones, and locked him up in an outhouse. She then invited me into the little house on the top of which rests the beacon light which has for so many years warned the navigator of hidden dangers, and at once entered into easy and unrestricted conversation. She said that she had for twenty five years lived on that rock; that she used to be fond of going into the city once in awhile, but that she cared very little for it now; that she always had a great many visitors in the summer, a few years ago the number reaching thousands in one season. She showed me her medals, received from Congress, the State of Massachusetts, and the city of Newport, and a solid silver teapot from the officers at Fort Adams, all bearing suitable inscriptions in testimony of her heroism in rescuing so many human beings from watery graves.
Miss Lewis is rather above medium height, of somewhat slender figure, good features, and great earnest eyes, between brown and gray. While she cannot be called handsome, her face is one to interest and attract. Her style of conversation is piquant and vivacious, and although not educated she is very intelligent. Everything about her and her apartments bore the evidence of neatness, care, and good taste. Her mother, a venerable old lady, with thick silver hair, was very talkative and discoursed on matters and things, personal and otherwise, at length. She informed me she had the rheumatism in her feet and Ida insisted that it was because she had dyed her hair for so many years. She communicated the intelligence that her daughter was forty years old, at which Miss Ida evinced a slight tinge of annoyance and remarked: "Mother thinks she must tell every one my age." But she quickly added: "Well, I don't care, it don't make any difference. I don't object to getting old."
Dangerous Kerosene.
Professor John T. Stoddard says in *Popular Science Monthly*: Kerosene, in virtue of its cheapness and the brilliant light it gives, has found its way into almost every house. And yet frequent and often horrible accidents prove that much of the oil now sold is of a most dangerous character. It is the recognized duty of the State to render the sale of such oil impossible by proper inspection. Almost daily reports of loss of property and life, as the result of the use of unsafe kerosene, show, however, that this official control fails to effect its object. This may be due, in a measure, to the undoubted negligence of cities and towns to appoint competent inspectors. If, indeed, any appointment is made—or to the carelessness of the inspectors; but of greater importance even than this are the low standards adopted, and the unreliability of the tests which are used to determine the character of the oil.
Petroleum, from which kerosene is prepared, is, as is generally known, a mixture of a large number of intimately related compounds of widely differing volatility. Some are gaseous, and escape in this form as the petroleum issues from the ground, while others form the solid paraffine. The middle portions of the crude oil are separated from the more and less volatile compounds by distillation, and after a further process of purification go into the market as kerosene. The entire removal of the lighter and more volatile portions, which are known as naphtha and benzine, is of the utmost importance, for it is in their presence that the danger lies. Alone, they are easily ignited, and alone or mixed even in small proportion with kerosene, they readily emit vapors which are inflammable and which with air form an explosive mixture.
A Big Pearl From the Panama Canal.
The various industries along the line of the new American canal seem to have already received an impetus from its construction. Among others the pearl fishery is being pushed on with great vigor, and with a good deal of success, as many fine specimens have lately been found. Among some consigned to Mr. Benson, Bond street, is a very fine-shaped pearl, called the "Leopold," weighing nearly 200 grains. It is about the most important that has been in the market for many years, and takes its place in the list of the largest known pearls in the world.—*London Telegraph*.

HOW BAGGAGE IS HANDLED

A TALK WITH THE TRUNK FIEND AT A RAILROAD DEPOT.

He Draws a Line Between Various Drummers and Tells How Began Claims for Damages are Made.

"We handle all trunks carefully," said an old baggage-master of a well known railroad company as he deftly dropped a huge Saratoga trunk so as to strain every rivet and nail that bound it. "The old idea of baggage smashing is done away with. Trunks are made too solid nowadays, and can stand a deal of handling. Some years ago passengers with light trunks bound them with strong cords, knowing how careless baggage-men were, but now we rarely receive any with ropes around them. Seldom do we get a trunk that has been broken or torn while in transit. Baggage-masters are very careful—the rules of the company are too strict since they were obliged to pay for the carelessness of their employees. Trunks are made of various materials.
"The neatest and most substantial is the sole-leather trunk. It can be easily handled, will withstand much wear and tear, and can be pitched and tossed without doing any damage. Good sole-leather trunks are expensive, ranging from \$25 to \$150. English tourists all ways have them. Metal trunks are also much in use. They are manufactured of zinc and tin, cost comparatively little and are very durable.
"Commercial salesmen carry the largest trunks. Of course the various trades need different sizes in order to hold their samples.
"The clothing drummers' trunks are the largest. Twelve will easily fill half a car. They are generally made of wood and a good amount of iron bands, steel corner pieces, and have from three to four locks. They are difficult to handle, being generally very heavy. It is not the weight we object to, but the ungainly size. Then the hat salesmen their trunks are large, but not very heavy. Some of them would make a fair-sized shanty. All drummers object to paying overweight on baggage. They resort to all kinds of subterfuges, but our rules are inviolate, so they reluctantly pay the charges.
"Last week we received a huge trunk from the trainmaster; it was in three sections. The cover came first, the next train brought the body of the trunk, but we found that the locks and straps were missing, so we telegraphed ahead and three hours later received them. We rarely lose a trunk; we have a perfect system of tracing any lost article. If a loss is reported we usually send a tracer after the missing package and find it somewhere along the line. Sometimes we fail to recover the desired parcel and in that case the company will at all times do the right thing rather than be involved in litigation.
"Last year we handled over 200,000 trunks at this end. We keep a record of every trunk, bag, package or parcel passing through our hands for which we give a brass check. Only seven were lost in transit. I come in contact with some curious people. Some claim baggage for which they have no check. Others say they have not received all that was delivered at the other end, while many cranks call for packages, that are afterward found by train-men, which they unconsciously left in the cars and imagine they had them checked and lost the brass plate.
"Women are the worst to deal with. Only lately a lady had a small package checked. Through an oversight of the parcel clerk we failed to send it on the first outgoing train but on the following one, thereby delaying the delivery about three hours. Failing to receive her package at once, she entered complaint with the superintendent, who, after careful investigation discovered that the parcel reached its destination a little late. The parcel clerk lost his position. I was surprised to learn afterward that the package in question contained two pounds of ordinary mixed candy, valued at forty cents. Still it cost the clerk his job.
"Another lady called some days ago and presented a check from another railroad. She insisted that the trunk was left with me. After soundly abusing me she left, firmly vowing to sue the company. No argument could convince her that the desired trunk could probably be obtained if applied for at the right quarter.
"We are obliged to be civil to every one.
"Why, look here, he continued, pointing to an ill-assorted lot of bags and trunks; "this is our unclaimed collection. We keep them for a year and then dispose of them. If any are very valuable we send them somewhere to be stored for another year. Then if no claimant appears we sell them to pay storage fees."
"Is the railroad corporation ever tricked by sharpers who set up false claims?"
"Well, I should think so. Very lately the company paid an individual in settlement for a satchel that was actually lost \$200. The claim was set up that it contained samples of valuable jewelry. Suit was threatened, and being persistent, to avoid further trouble the company handed over the money. Not long afterward, while looking through a baggage-car that had been standing for some time on a siding, the identical bag was found. On opening it, nothing but a miserable and worthless mass of single gloves was discovered. No two gloves were alike. I tried to match some of them but signally failed. Perhaps the superintendent wasn't mad. He looked as savage as a meat axe, and scowled at the baggage boys for a month afterward."
"What pay do you receive for your services?" mildly asked the reporter.
"We get \$60 a month and work ten hours—that is to say, of real manual labor about seven hours; discussing the merits of a disputed piece of baggage and answering foolish questions, about two hours; hauled up before baggage-agents, ticket-agents, minor and general superintendents, say another hour. I tell you if I did not have such a strong constitution and felt physically able to withstand the pressure I would have been dead long ago. Baggage-men seldom stay over five years in the business. Then they are pretty thoroughly used up. All they can then do is to help build up some physician's practice."
And heaving a sigh indicative of deep regret, he once more turned his attention

to the many long leathers from which hung suspended the thousands of brass plates commonly called "checks."—*New York World*.

Wonderful Insect Eyes.

Physicians call attention to the increasing instances of defective or imperfect sight occurring in civilized countries, and attribute it to various conditions of modern life—the overwork of the eyes in childhood, the study of books in small print, the habit of reading by imperfect light, and many other causes. It appears certain that in the matter of eyesight the savage has usually the advantage of the civilized man. The gift of sight is one very unequally distributed among the animal world. Some creatures enjoy it in excess, like the eagle; others are totally deprived of it, like the earthworm. In many other instances the sense of sight, if not actually lacking, is extremely imperfect, as in the case of the mole. Insects are in many cases far more richly endowed with eyes than even birds or beasts. The little creature called a whirlwind, which skims about on the surface of standing water, is furnished with a double set of optics, the upper portion of the eyes fitted for seeing in the air being placed in the upper portion of the head, and the lower portion of the eyes fitted for seeing in the water in the lower portion of the head, a thin division separating the two. Spiders possess six eyes—some species eight, centipedes twenty, while the eyes of many insects (bees, butterflies, dragonflies) are composed of a number of facets, each eye being, in fact, a cluster of eyes. Dr. Hook counted 14,000 of these facets in the eye of a dragon fly, and Leeuwenhoek found as many as 12,544 in another specimen of the same species. The latter naturalist adapted one of the eyes of a dragon fly so as to be able to see objects through it by means of a microscope, and found that he could view the steeple of a church 299 feet high and 750 feet from the place where he stood. He could also distinguish all out of the door of a house, at the same distance, was open or shut. Fleas' eyes diminish as well as multiply objects, as Puget discovered performing a similar experiment to that of Leeuwenhoek. A soldier viewed through it represented an army of pygmies; the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of a thousand lamps. Blind or imperfectly sighted human beings may think with envy of the beautiful provision of visual organs bestowed by Nature on some of her children; and yet many creatures live happily with but a small share of the blessings of sight. In some of the insects who possess the largest share of visual organs, some other sense—taste, hearing or touch—is deficient. Huber believes their sense of both hearing and taste to be imperfect. On the other hand, the blind earthworm will retreat rapidly into its hole if the light of a candle is thrown upon it, its sense of hearing or smell warning it of the approach of the danger it cannot see. A bat's senses of touch, hearing and smell are so acute that it depends little on the aid of its eyes. Spallanzani tested this by the cruel experiment of destroying the sight of several bats, and then setting them free. In their flight through the room they avoided even the smallest thread placed to obstruct their way. Latreille, the French naturalist, states that there is a species of ants which are entirely blind, but pursue the same mode of life as their sighted brethren.—*London Globe*.

Japanese Wrestlers.

There are at Tomioka several small temples, but of only local interest, and once a year, on the 18th of September, there is a grand matsuri, or feast day, celebrated, when the doors of the temple are opened and services performed by the priests. On this feast day celebrated wrestlers congregate here and contest the championship. In front of the temple an elevation of sand, about two feet high and twenty feet square, is made, the sides protected by matting to keep the sand in place. On this the wrestlers try their skill for supremacy in the art. They are entirely without clothing, offering their bare bodies alone to the grasp of their opponents, with the exception of a narrow band which bisects the lower part of the body, and is also wound about the loins a number of times and securely fastened. It is a sight that would delight the fancy wrestlers of the Western world to witness these chaps tug at each other for the mastery. As they take their places preparatory to the trial of strength and skill they place themselves in a partially squatting position, placing their limbs wide apart, and slap one limb and then the other, at the same time raising the foot and leg, and then bringing it (the foot) down again with an energy and force that portends a determination that their feet shall not be tripped from under them. They then squat, facing each other, and upon a signal spring upon each other as they rise, catching such hold as they are able. Such wrestling never came under our observation elsewhere. The style is peculiar to Japan, and appears to be more a demonstration of power than skill, as they make heavy work of it sweating and streaming as men only do when putting forth their utmost strength. Some heavy falls are sustained, while it can hardly be seen how the thing was accomplished. At this matsuri large numbers of contestants appear in the arena, so there is a large showing of glistening anatomy as they stand together under the full blaze of the sun.
Pierce looks they assume as they spring upon one another in the tussel, grimacing in all sorts of contortions. Yet the best good nature prevails at these contests. It is ludicrous to see them, after they have been thrown again and again, leave the arena and perform their acts of posturing, taking positions and going through maneuvering that would impress one with the idea that they were the king-pins of the lot if they only let themselves loose and did their best. With all the crudity of movement, there must be very much skill in the methods of these wrestlers, for the falls come rapidly. The victor of the company is a proud man, and shows it—intimating by actions that he is capable of immense achievements of skill and dexterity in his art.
One hundred and ten pounds is the weight of a three-year-old child named Fitz Buchanan, who lives at Greensup, Ky.

THE WOOLING OT.

A lawyer once, unlike most of his class
A modest man, fell dead in love. A lass
He worshipped quite, but still his secret kept
Till up the scale his cautious courage crept.
And, well assured no one his purpose knew
He started out with this sole aim in view—
To wit, to woo.
His way led through a wood, the shadows
fell,
His waning courage shadowy grew as well,
Until he asked himself, disheartened quite,
"Why am I here at this time of the night?"
An answer from a tree-top loud and clear,
In legal language couched, fell on his ear—
"To wit! to woo!"
He fled in fear, although he knew no one saw
For fear, like many a lawyer, knows no law:
The bird of wisdom perching overhead
Slow flapped his wings, winked warily and
said:
"Why should this be? Such haste I never
knew.
He sure an unwise purpose had in view—
To wit! to woo!"
ENVOY.
Take well to heart this text drawn from the
wood:
Your modest wooer never comes to good.
Though all the world your secret clearly
knows,
And through unheard-of shades your path-
way goes.
Let not your courage fail whate'er you do;
Your wit keep always clearest when you woo.
—William Howard Carpenter, in the
Century.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
A slipshod affair—The banana-skin.
A threshing-machine—The school-
teacher.
A burr in the bush is worth two in the
hair.—*Judge*.
Unhappy is the young man whose over-
coat is with his uncle.—*Picayune*.
"There's a screw loose somewhere," as
the scissors said when they fell asunder.
—*The Judge*.
"The bravest is the tenderest," is particu-
larly true of celery that has stood
against frost.—*Picayune*.
"Wisely improve the present, is good
advice," said the newly-married man, as
he sold a duplicate wedding gift.—
Philadelphia Call.
TOO CLOSE FOR HER.
"I won't go in a sleeping car."
A lady said all out of breath;
"It's awful close, and if I do
My berth will be my death."
—*Merchant-Traveler*.
An irresistible desire came over a Da-
kota man to kick his daughter's beau,
and forgetting that he had but one leg,
he attempted it. He sat down so hard
that his head had to be pulled out of his
neck by his hair.—*Bismarck Tribune*.
Spring bottom pants are now in fash-
ion. They enable the suspecting young
man to spring out of danger the moment
a lady of uncertain age leaps in his di-
rection. This sun will take half the
horrors out of leap-year.—*Pek's Sun*.
It is sweet to sit, on a gray day,
And see the snow-flakes fall.
Like blossoms upon a May-day
Along the verdant mall,
And see the well-packed icy sphere
Take the pedestrian on the ear.
—*Puck*.
"Twenty-seven hundred bills presented
at Washington," exclaimed a fond little
Pittsburg wife. "What a lot of bills!
And here is my John making a terrible
fuss over one little milliner's bill with
nothing in it but three little bonnets and
two small hats!"—*Telegraph*.
"May I ask you for the loan of a dol-
lar?" inquired an impecunious acquaint-
ance of Blobson. "You may, sir," was
the frigid reply, "and if you hear any-
thing from that one I lent you last Tues-
day, I wish you'd let me know by tele-
phone."—*Burlington Free Press*.
"Ah!" exclaimed Fogg, as he entered
the store of the man who never adver-
tises, "do you know that I always like
to come in here?" "Do you?" asked the
delighted shopkeeper. "Yes," said
Fogg, "it's such a relief to get out of
the crowd, you know."—*Hartford Post*.
The smartness of some girls is only
eased by the stupidity of some men.
When Yeast's girl made the remark a
number of times at a public reception,
the other evening, that she felt like go-
ing through a hole in the floor, Yeast
little dreamed that the restaurant was
just beneath them.—*Statesman*.
Last week one of those smart Alexan-
ders called at this office and stated briefly
but grammatically that he wanted to take
editorial charge of the paper. We told
him firmly, "No." "What! is there no
opening for a man of vim and brains?"
"Yes, sir," said we. "Where?" said he.
"Why, there, sir, the door."—*Chicago
Eye*.
A party of American travelers were on
the railroad platform at Heidelberg. One
of the travelers happened to crowd a Hei-
delberg student, when he drew himself
up, scowled pompously, and said: "Sir,
you are crowding; keep back, sir!"
"Don't you like it, sonny?" asked the
American. "Sir!" scowled the student,
"allow me to tell you, sir, that I am at
your service at any time and place."
"Oh, you are at my service, are you?"
said the American. "Then just carry
this satchel to the hotel for me!"—
Puck.
A BOARDING-HOUSE BEAUTY.
Here is the waitress Mary,
Serene, and blithe and gay:
In manner light and airy
She bears the breakfast-tray.
She always calls me early,
When I would early rise,
Her hair is brown and curly,
And blue her dreamy eyes.
She never keeps me waiting,
When I would hurry up;
But in a style elating
Refills my coffee cup.
She brings me rolls and butter—
The former never cold—
And I can only mutter:
"She's worth her weight in gold."
My brush upon her ringlets
She vows she never tries;
The streaks and shags and tangles
She broils and never fries.
Herself she never amuses
With alcoholic drams—
My razor never she uses
When she would open clams.
Not long with us she'll tarry,
Next month she's got to stop,
Because she's going to marry
Sir Romeo, the cop.
—*Puck's Annual*.

PERILS OF A COAL MINE.

DANGERS ENCOUNTERED BY MINERS IN THE COLLIERIES.

Some Marvellous Escapes from Instantaneous Death—saved only by a Display of Great Nerve.

"Escapes! Yes, sir, I've had one or two near shaves, and I don't suppose there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same."

The speaker was a hardy, toll-worn coal-miner, who had come to see me on some parish business. And many is the thrilling tale which, by considerable pressure—for he is known that most of these men think lightly and speak but little of their dangers—the country parson may extract from his fellow men in black among the coal-pits.

"Yes, sir, I've had one or two. Once I was let down into the sump in eight feet of water."

This man was a shaftsman. The "shaft," as you know—or perhaps you don't know—is the circular perpendicular "well" by which access is gained to the horizontal beds of coal lying at various depths before the surface. The depth of the shaft in various mines ranges from tens to hundreds of fathoms. The duty of the shaftsman is to keep this in repair. Often their work must be done sitting with one leg through a loop attached to the steel-wire rope by which they are drawn up and down, or standing on a simple scaffold hung to the side of the shaft; and a man needs a stout heart and steady nerve to work placidly, suspended over a chasm a hundred fathoms deep. The ordinary mode, however, of journeying up and down the shaft is in the "cage," an iron structure open to two sides, steadied in its course by two grooves, which fit in two wooden "guides" extending the whole depth, and fixed to the sides of the shaft. I must also explain that the "sump" is the very bottom of the shaft. The shaft is sunk a few fathoms lower than the lowest seam of coal that is being worked. In the lowest part of the shaft, euphoniously termed the "sump," the water which oozes from the sides of the shaft finds its way, is constantly being pumped out, to prevent the flooding of the pit.

How could a man be let down into the sump and escape alive, seemed a mystery to me. "How on earth did you get out?" I asked. "I suppose they drew the cage up at once?"

"Never," said the shaftsman. "The engine-men by mistake or accident, ran her right down into the sump, and there she stuck, while the other cage was right up at the pulleys. The engine power was lost, and he couldn't get her up."

"Then how did you escape?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Why," he answered, with a grim smile, "I had to get out the way they catch sparrows at Gateshead."

"How's that?"

"The best way I could. I managed to get out of the cage. There was only just room to squeeze up between the cage and the side of the sump, and I climbed up by the timbers to the top of the water. I was near done when I got out, and then I had to travel round about and get up by a stapple. It was two hours before I got home. The engine-man was nearly off his head. They were all sure I was killed, and were seeking about how to get the cage up again."

"Wasn't it awful going down?" I said.

"Didn't you lose your head?"

"I can tell you it was. The cage came down with a run, and crashed into the water like a clap of thunder."

"What did you think?" I asked. "I wonder you kept your senses."

"Well," he said, "I knew what was going to happen, when I felt her going. The water came in on me, and I knew there was eight feet above me; and I thought: 'Well, it's a queer thing if I've come here to be drowned.' I had my thick leather jacket on; and I swallowed a lot of water; but I scrambled out somehow. But it was a near thing, I can tell you."

"Oh," he continued, "there are queer things happen. Once, another man and I were drawn up over the pulley. That's not the big pulleys, you know, sir; but the little wheel with the small rope, a few feet above the shaft, which we use for shaft work. This other man and I had been at work, sitting in the loops hanging on the rope; and when the engine drew us up again, she 'ran away,' and drew us right over the pulley. At least I went over; and the other man hung on the other side balancing. My hands were cut with the wheel; but I held on till they got us down. But it was a roughish ride, was that. Well, good night, sir."

I wondered how many lives this man had, and how he could go away so cheerfully to meet day by day the perils of his toil.

The following may show that gratitude to a higher power is oftener felt than expressed to the outer world. Pardon a little preliminary detail. Square tubs, on four wheels, running on tram lines along the workings of the pit, are used for drawing the coals to the shaft. On some occasions, as when going to a distant part of the workings, one or two tubs will be drawn by a pony, each tub carrying perhaps four men. When the seams are low, there will be a space of only a few inches between the edge of the tub and the "balks" of timber placed crosswise to support the roof of the coal seam; thus the men must keep their heads down to the level of the edge of the tub.

"On one occasion," said my informant, "three of us were crouched down in a tub. The pony was going at a walk up a slight rise. I can't tell you how it happened, but I must have raised my head unconsciously above the level of the tub. I felt my forehead touch a crossbeam in the roof, and before I had time to reflect, I knew that I was in deadly peril. The forward movement of the tub jammed my head between the beam and the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free; but I couldn't. All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead. Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony of mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped. No one had touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered no cry. The pony stopped. I drew down my head, and crouched almost fainting in the tub. My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale

I looked. For weeks, whenever I went down the pit, I was almost unnerved by this terrible recollection. And I tell you, sir, I've read of drowning people seeing at a glance all the past scenes and doings of their lives—I never thought much of it—but I tell you, every scene and deed of my life seemed to come before me in a flash of light. I saw everything. I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day. How it was that pony stopped and my life was saved. I can't say; but if it wasn't Providence, I don't know what else it can be."

A similar miraculous escape was told me by one of the managers of a pit.

"I was down making a survey, with a man and a young assistant. We sat down to rest side by side, our backs against the wall of the coal. The man was sitting on my right hand, the assistant on my left. After we had sat a few seconds, the assistant, with no apparent reason, got up and went and sat at the other end of the row, next to the man. He had no sooner sat down, than, without any warning, a huge mass of stone crashed down from the roof on the very spot where the assistant had been sitting. Part of it grazed my arm, but did no injury. 'A near shave for you,' we both said to the assistant. 'It was a near shave,' he replied, somewhat nervously. We went on with our work. Perhaps we spoke lightly; but I believe not one of us could have said all he thought."—*Chambers' Journal*.

The Rio Market.

Worlds within themselves are the markets or mercados of Rio. Great are they in extent, rich in variety, teeming in interest and loud in smell. The visitor will have no difficulty in finding these interesting places if he follows the dictates of his own organ of smell, for the odor of the markets is greater, stronger and richer than all the other odors of the city, and can be detected a square or so away. The market I would essay to tell you about, and the one that often attracted me at times when I felt able to wade through the unpleasantness of the place, is situated on the bay shore, and has its docks for the fish and vegetable boats. You may have seen the French market in New Orleans. If you have, and are gifted with an imagination that can picture a similar place a little larger in size, many times more curious and crowded, twenty times more dirty, you may have a faint idea of what this market may be like. In its area, which is about equal to that of an ordinary city square, are comprised a greater assortment of things than could be dreamed of in a month. In sheds and stalls and stands are offered for sale a most miscellaneous lot of merchandise, perishable and otherwise. Everything you could find in the North is here, beside the infinite variety of things the existence of which the people of the North never had the faintest idea. Next to a stall where is displayed a chaotic stock of notions and "general store" goods, in many of which we recognize the handiwork of the Yankee, we find a vegetable stand, where is offered for sale everything that grows and possesses any value as food—the fruits of the tropics, pumpkins, sections of the edible palm-trees, mandiocas and other vegetable looking things that the Hoosier could not call by name. This edible palm beats everything in the food line I know of. We see pieces of round, green, pithy wood two or three inches in diameter and as long as a stick of cordwood, and can hardly be convinced that this should be an article in the bill-of-fare of the natives, yet we are assured that it is a popular food among the poorer inhabitants. The palm-tree serves the natives manifold purposes. They build houses and roof them with materials from the tree, they make clothing and thread, tools, household utensils, and I forget to what other uses they put the tree, beside eating the trunk.

Next to the vegetable stall we'll find a crockery establishment. The bulk of this stock will be seen to be water coolers, bottles, etc., of the Dutch porous ware, which is so well adapted for use in the tropics. But of all the bewildering maze of things, animate and inanimate, the poultry booths will hold most of the visitor's attention. The boxes of chickens, pigeons, ducks, etc., that are so familiar to our eyes we pass with a glance, but the cages of canaries, finches, flamingoes, parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, and others of the plumed tribe, valued either for their musical ability, loquacity or plumage, retain our interest. You may say that the latter-named are queer poultry. It does seem funny to see roosters and hens, that look so natural we could almost believe in the poultry department of Indiana county fair, and the rarest birds of the tropics side and side, but so we find it here. Amid the scores of birds, the species of which I am ignorant, I found a sedate and solemn toucan, with its preponderance of bill. We saw this same bird every time we visited the place, and we became very familiar, so familiar, in fact, that the major felt free to call him "Doc tor"—a name suggested by the size of the bill.—*Will Wayward*.

A Singular Rock.

Near the mouth of the Little Cheyenne river, in Dakota, is a rock with curious indentations. It is twelve feet long by seven or eight wide, and rises above the ground about eighteen inches. Its edges are angular, its surface flat, and it shows little effect of ice action. It appears to be of magnesian limestone, and its whiteness makes it a conspicuous object. On the surface are several and perfect footprints, as though made by the left moccasined foot of a woman or a boy. It is known to the Indians as a religious rock, and they worship it. None of the present Indians know anything of the origin of the footprints.

Something to Fill Up.

"I suppose you often want something to fill up your paper with," said a man, coming into a country newspaper office with a four-column communication on a patent, duplex, double back-action harrow of his own invention. "Oh, no," said the man of the quill, "the paper is full enough. It is the editor who wants something to fill up with. This will make four columns and two sticks—forty-two dollars, please."—*Middleton Transcript*.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Sand for a Clay Soil.

Twenty-four years ago, says a writer in an exchange, we had three or four inches of sand carted on part of a garden, the soil of which was too clayey for the successful or convenient raising of garden vegetables. When this sand was well worked in, the whole became an excellent sandy loam, just the soil for agreeable working. The labor of drawing on the sand was considerable; but it was done in winter, when there was little else for the man and team to do, and the fine condition of the soil remains as good as at first, and probably will for a century to come, as the sand does not evaporate, wash away or become consumed in the growth of plants, as will manure.

The Profits of Eggs.

The *Poultry World* thinks it more profitable to raise eggs than chickens. This is what it says: We make no allusion to those large establishments where raising chickens as chickens for a near city market is undoubtedly a paying business. But we address the common poultry raiser, living perhaps a considerable distance from market, who wishes to make the most of his stock. And to such we say raise every pullet upon premises well accommodated. Treat them in such a manner that they will lay early and constantly through the winter, and you will make more money than you can by raising chickens to sell for broilers, unless at the fancy prices that such things bring in cities. Most country breeders have no such market for what they chance to have to sell, and the small prices they obtain at a country hotel or the house of the wealthy citizen, by no means pays for the extra trouble and care that early chickens cost. Of course, if you have a large number of fowls, there would necessarily be cockerels and old hens to fatten for sale, but do not make it your business to sell dead stock instead of making live hens give you hundreds of eggs every year of their lives."

Self-Cleaning Cisterns.

Not one farmer in one hundred knows how to manage a cistern so as to keep the water in it pure and wholesome. The majority use the water so long as it can be tolerated. Then when the odor becomes intolerable the cistern is cleaned out.

The chief sources of impure water in cisterns are the inflowing of filth from the outside, gaseous contamination from any sewer or cesspool near at hand and decaying organic matter from the gutters and water pipes. The remedies are obvious; construct the cistern so as to exclude all outside contaminations and keep the roofs and gutters, down which the rain washes into the cistern; clean and free from fallen leaves, etc.

Professor R. C. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural college, has given the subject of cisterns and their contents much study and investigation. He says that examination and analyses have proved that the purest water is always at the top and the foulest at the bottom of the cistern, hence by keeping the receiving end of the pump-pipe near the surface of the water one may avoid most of these impurities. The pipe may be kept near the surface by attaching it to a float. A two-gallon jug, closed with a good cork, well waxed over, makes an efficient float. Wire the end of the lead pipe to the handle so that the jug will float with the mouth down and keep the pipe within a foot or two of the surface of the water.

Professor Kedzie recommends, also, that cisterns be made self-cleaning by means of an overflow pipe to carry off impurities from the bottom. The overflow pipe may be of tin or galvanized iron in the shape of the letter F, three inches in diameter; the bottom of the F reaching within two inches of the bottom of the cistern and the upper part of the tube passing water-tight through the wall of the cistern up to the height it is desired to limit the filling of the cistern. When the cistern fills to the top of the tube the excess of water will flow away through the pipe, but all the water that escapes must come from the bottom, thereby removing foul water and accumulated filth. A cistern constructed so as to exclude vermin, made frost-tight, with overflow pipe to carry off impurities from the bottom and the pump-pipe wired to a jug-float, so as to keep the receiving end near to the surface, will keep in good condition an indefinite length of time and provide water that is wholesome.—*New York World*.

The Value of Green Manures.

Farmers have an exceedingly inadequate idea of the value of green manures. One who will sow his seed and wait patiently for the crop will be too impatient to grow a crop of rye or corn or clover to be plowed under to enrich the soil, and return its rich harvest another year. Another will spend hundreds of dollars for purchased manure or fertilizers, but will not spend tens in growing a crop to plow into the soil for the same purpose. And there are farmers who have determined to plow under a clover sod and have top-dressed in the fall or winter with this intention, but who have lost heart when they have seen a luxuriant growth on the ground, which seemed to be "a waste of good fodder," as they have said, and so they have waited and have either pastured it or mowed it off and robbed the soil of food which it sorely needed. This would seem quite different if farmers would think of their soil as something to be fed and supported to enable it to yield its produce, as much as a cow that yields milk or a sheep that yields wool. There are some close analogies between our fields and our animals. An animal is a machine—if we like to call it so—by which we make salable products from raw materials. It is inexhaustible for its term of life so long as it is fed; but it is really inexhaustible in fact, because, before its useful life ends, it reproduces itself several times and simply becomes a link in a chain which we may draw out indefinitely without reaching the end of it. So that in this view of it even an animal is inexhaustible so long as it is fed. And so is the soil, and no more and no longer, and, indeed, if it is not fed, a fallow will be mere dead, useless matter just as a starved cow or sheep will be. The farmer must learn to think of his land in this way or he gets a wrong idea of it. He must not neglect to study up the science of feeding his fields as he reads

up that of feeding his live stock. He must become acquainted with feeding tables and rations and kinds of food for the land as well as for animals, and must provide them liberally. And as clover is accounted an excellent food for stock so it is an excellent food for land. But, at the same time, as there are other fodders which can be used along with clover, or as a substitute when helped out by more stimulating food, so there are other crops beside clover which may be made to serve as food for the soil. Indeed, the soil is not very exacting in this respect, although it will never give something for nothing, and always returns freely in exact proportion to what it receives and no more; but it is omnivorous and has an exceedingly strong digestion. So that the farmer cannot go astray if he will always provide something for it. It may be weeds and no more, but it is better if it is a crop of buckwheat, and better still if it is rye or corn or even turnips or rape, but best of all if we can give it rich clover which goes down deeply and draws food from the subsoil and opens its broad leaves to the air and gathers from that source too, as well as others which other plants cannot reach, and so gives the farmer a hundred fold in return for the seed and labor he has expended. There are other ways of manuring the soil, but among them plowing in of green crops has no superior.—*New York Times*.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Dr. Caldwell speaks very highly of oatmeal as food for milch cows.

Money spent in paint for farm buildings and implements is money saved.

It will pay everybody who keeps hens to provide them with plenty of clean water or milk at this season.

It is a mistaken notion that any soil is good enough for beans. Beans require good soil well prepared for paying results.

Have a big, cheap wash boiler. Put it on a back kitchen stove, with soft water. Into this put all the bones, potato peelings, bread scraps, gravy, meat, vegetables, etc., that comes from your table. Add any food—corn, rye, barley, meal—for chickens that you may happen to have. Add also red pepper and salt. Dump this into a trough for your chickens while the heat of the boiling has not gone out of it. Crack the bones and it will pay in eggs. We give this feed in the morning. Some of our neighbors prefer it at night. We get the most eggs.

The *Country Gentleman*, reporting its experiments in sub-soiling during the past season, claims to have had best success with potatoes. With this crop the increase in yield over those planted in the ordinary manner was about thirty-three per cent, in quantity, while the quality was much improved, the tubers being larger, fairer and less affected with rot. The results with corn were less flattering, although an increase of about twenty per cent, was secured. The improvement in the crop of potatoes was certainly sufficient to make it worth while for farmers in general to give the plan a thorough trial. Small potatoes, cut, were used for seed.

To show how cold weather affects cows an intelligent dairy farmer mentions a case where a herd of cows, which had usually been supplied from troughs and pipes in the stalls, were, on account of an obstruction in the pipes, obliged to be turned out twice a day while the weather was cold to be watered in the yard. The quantity of milk instantly decreased, and in three days the falling off became very considerable. After the pipes were mended, and the cows again watered as before in their stalls the flow of milk returned. Cows when giving milk are more sensitive to the cold than when they are dry, and exposure to severe cold interferes with the secretion of milk.

If crops are not kept free from weeds fertilizers are lost or do more harm than good by furnishing food for the weeds. This was clearly shown by some recent experiments made by Sir J. B. Lawes, of Rothamstead, where a plot of mangels planted for forty years on the same ground was much more thrifty than the main crop, which had been heavily manured. The experimental plot was kept exceedingly clean, while in the main crop, owing to the wet season, the weeds were numerous.

It is an erroneous idea that corn alone is the best diet for pigs. It is too heating and is deficient in albuminoids. To correct this we must add an article, says the *Breeder's Gazette*, that will make up for the deficiency. For example, skim milk is highly nitrogenous and has nearly four per cent, of true albuminoids. Two and a third pounds of skim milk contain as much albuminous food as is found in one pound of corn. But we cannot always add milk. Lined cake, meal or pea meal greatly increases the value of corn as a hog feed. The pig kept in a small pen, getting milk and table scraps, with a little corn, is noted for continued good health and even development.

Household Hints and Recipes.

To make corn bread, take two cups of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of molasses, one quart of sweet milk, two eggs; stir with wheat flour about as stiff as for cake and bake in a deep dish.

Lemon cookies are made of one large cup of sugar, a little more than half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonfuls of hot water; flavor with lemon, and use just flour enough so that you can roll the cookies out thin; bake in a quick oven.

An old-fashioned and toothsome spice cake is made of three pounds of seedless raisins, one and a half pounds of citron, two and a half cups of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, four cups of flour, six eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and two of mace.

It is not generally known that when coffee beans are placed upon hot coals or upon a hot plate the flavor arising is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no heat is obtainable, even the spreading of ground coffee on the object to be disinfected is most satisfactory.

For ham and eggs on toast, chop fine cold boiled or baked ham. Toast and butter slices of stale bread; crush the crust with a napkin to soften it. Spread with the ham and set in oven for three or

four minutes. Beat six eggs with a half cupful of milk, a little pepper and salt. Put this in a saucepan and stir over the fire until it begins to thicken. Take off, beat well for a moment, spread over the ham on toast; serve hot immediately.

To clean stained wood-work which is also varnished, an old housewife recommends the saving of tea-leaves from the teapot for a few days. Drain them and when you have a sufficient quantity put them in clean, soft water; let them simmer for half an hour. When almost cold, strain them out, and, dipping a flannel cloth in the water, wipe off the paint, drying it with another flannel cloth. One cup of tea leaves to one quart of water is the due allowance.

The Monkey Market in Rio.

From the poultry show it is but a step or so to the establishment of Senhor Jose Mattos Almeida de Ribiero Gomes Cavalho, whose place of business is so crowded with monkeys, marmosets, dogs and other little animals that may be converted into pets, that there surely cannot be much room left for his name. If you want to buy a monkey, Senhor J. M. A. de R. G. Cavalho can supply you with almost any kind from his extensive assortment. You can buy a dear, cute little pocket edition marmoset or a great, big, vulgar ape, that is good for nothing but for making a show of himself. Some of these diminutive monkeys are almost little enough to be used as watch chain charms. Seeing us so interested in his stock-in-trade the monkey dealer tried to sell us a "critter," but we were long on monkeys at the time and wouldn't buy. The major intimated to the senior that we would like to buy a few yards of his name, but as he said it in English the sarcasm was lost.

At another monkey store we had the pleasure of seeing how the wild "monks," fresh from their native jungles, are broken in for domestic use. This dealer, whose name I did not take time to copy, had just received a new lot of "missing-links," a whole box full, probably his spring stock, and as we watched him opening and marking the goods we learned several things that would prove invaluable to us were we ever to go into the business. He would wrap his hands in a coffee sack and then carefully reach into the box for one of the uneasy little animals, who, having just come in from the country, felt backward in first contact with city society, and they had no better manners than to scream and attempt to bite the friends who were about to introduce them into metropolitan life.

After some trouble and a lot of noise a little fellow is finally secured and brought out, all the while emitting ear-splitting, almost human screams. With their hands protected by the coffee sacks, two fellows hold the little creature while a third cuts off a foot or so of the monkey's long tail. This done, the man proceeds to adjust a leather collar on him, not around his neck, as would be the case with other animals, but about the smallest part of his body, which you may know is that portion of his anatomy just above his hind legs. This operation requires considerable time—more, really, than the "monk" feels able to spare, and he signifies his disapproval in shrill screams, which, in their agonizing tones, sound like the wail of a human baby. The strap is finally affixed in a scientific manner acceptable to the manipulator, and a chain is attached to it. Next, a number of little juicy green peppers, of the kind that I know by experience to be almost hot, are put into the creature's mouth, and he is made to chew them sufficiently to get a full benefit of the hot lunch. After this he is chained to a cage. Now that the monkey is free from the hands of his tormentors he shows his fear and agony, superinduced by the rough treatment he received and the peppers he had eaten, and makes frantic though futile attempts to commit suicide by hanging or butting his brains out on the boxes. After this it is supposed that the monkey becomes docile, and if he proves to be wicked or degenerate later in life he cannot lay the blame on the kind people who brought him from his forest fastness to dwell among people who are, according to an eminent scientist, but his four millionth cousins.—*Will Wayward*.

Cold Winters.

The following statistics of the cold winters are curious: In 401 the Black sea was frozen over. In 768, not only the Black sea, but the straits of Dardanelles, was frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 882, the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe, etc.—were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 1860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 1891, everything was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, the most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316, the crop wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6 shillings the quarter, rose to 42. In 1339, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1439 '38 '34 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1648, wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter. The frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.—*Scientific American*.

The noble mind may be clouded with adversity, but cannot be wholly concealed; for true merit shines by a light of its own, and, glimmering through the rents and crannies of indigence, is perceived, respected and honored by the generous and the great.

"BLACK FLAGS" OF ANNAM.

A REMARKABLE PEOPLE AND THEIR ABLE LEADER.

Sudden Growth of a People Who Have Given the French Much Trouble—Their Origin.

In an article on the Black Flags, the people of Annam who have given the French troops so much trouble, the Shanghai (China) *Shen-pu* says:

Liu Yuen Fou was originally leader of a remnant of the Canton rebels (the Taepings). He is now over sixty years of age. He has a full face and manly figure. His beard and hair are like silver. His character is of the heroic order, combining in fair proportion sagacity and courage; and he possesses great administrative and organizing ability, by which he has gathered around him adventurous spirits from all quarters. Over twenty years ago, when the imperial troops defeated the Canton rebels, Liu, driven to extremities, took refuge in the northern borders of Annam. The king of Annam was feeble, and could not drive Liu and his gang out by force, so he sent a messenger to offer them protection. This Liu accepted.

At that time the Black Flag followers did not amount to more than a few thousands, and they made a treaty with the king of Annam by which they were allowed to cultivate the wild country among the mountains of Tien-fu-Chang on the understanding that they and the natives were not to molest each other. After three years of cultivation of the land they obtained still further recognition. Liu succeeded in gaining the favor of the king, who supplied him with oxen and seeds for cultivation. Liu made it his object to draw people to him by kindness and liberality. His good name was published from mouth to mouth everywhere, and multitudes gathered to his standard. The Yellow Flags and White Flags came in close succession, and many natives also gladly placed themselves under his protection. Liu made allotments of land to them all, that they might support themselves by farming. Thus the population grew and the extent of cultivated land increased. For more than 700 li (200 miles), east and west, there were continuous fields with farm-houses and agricultural towns of growing importance.

The expense of maintaining such a large population was very great and they were burdened by the taxation of the Annam government; so, after a period of seven years, they took it upon themselves to refuse further payment of taxes, and the King of Annam could not help himself. After this Liu undertook the government of his own territory. All matters of instruction and maintenance, all agricultural and military affairs, administration of justice, and public appointments, were duly arranged by himself. Punishments were strict and severe. They had beheading, hanging, attaining, and beating, but no banishment or imprisonment. Each town had a civil and a military chief appointed over it, who superintended the agricultural operations and military drill of a certain number of men. The youths were taught to read, but not to any great extent—only enough to enable them to distinguish surnames and names, or to explain in a rough and general way.

The country they occupied consisted of forest and jungle, with deep ravines and water courses. The hills are infested by tigers and wolves. Wood gatherers never venture to go out except in companies. But no other kind of wild beast is so abundant as the monkey. In the stillness of evening, when no sound is heard but the purring of brooks, the monkeys come out in scores and hundreds, screaming and jumping and playing and chasing each other without end. There is a tree called the monkeys' provision tree, about ten feet high, growing all about the hills. Its fruit looks like a pomegranate, but it is hard and harsh, not eatable by men. The monkeys, however, eat it with great avidity. When the Black Flags went there first their chief article of cultivation was maize, and in late autumn, when the maize was ripe, each monkey would go to the field and pluck a head and put it under his arm, then, with insatiable greed, pluck another and let the first drop, and so on for a score of times, always cropping the last in its eagerness to take another. Acres of maize would be spoiled in this way in one night, until the people took measures to frighten the monkeys away.

Of late years the colony has enjoyed greater prosperity. The number of Black Flag people is over 80,000, of the Yellow Flag over 60,000, and those of the White Flag over 30,000. There are also natives of the place numbering more than 20,000. The whole population cannot be less than 200,000. The young men, from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, amounting to 20,000, are all swarthy, stalwart fellows, accustomed to scour the forest and spring the gorges with the agility of monkeys. Therefore they are fierce and daring in the extreme; nothing can stand before them, and, moreover, they are wonderfully smart and dextrous. Those young men make a formidable army. At present the old Black Flags occupy the mountain pass, which forms, as it were, their inner stronghold. To approach this it is necessary to pass over a succession of fine precipitous mountain ranges, which stand up like gigantic walls to hinder even the flight of birds.

There are also two great water barriers which the Black Flags have constructed by diverting the course of the Red river, and strong guards are stationed at all points within hail of each other. Beyond all these barriers is Tien-fu-Chang, with its wide streets—a great commercial center—the metropolis of the Black Flags. In Tien-fu-Chang there is a general yamen for the three flags, and a separate yamen for each. Every person who wants to join them must give an account of his antecedents, and of his connections, if any, with the neighboring people, and must state which flag he wants to join. Then he is taken to headquarters and examined as to his abilities, and admitted or rejected accordingly.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

The churches of New York cost \$3,000,000 a year; the theatres \$7,000,000, it is said.

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:
Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.
Published every Friday afternoon, by
CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.
SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 4 CTS.

Arlington, February 8, 1884.

ADVERTISING RATES:
Reading Notices, per line, 20 cents.
Special Notices, " " 15 " "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 " "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 " "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

Wendell Phillips is Dead!

But will he ever be thought of as dead; and is he not with us a living presence in the memory of what his life has wrought into the warp and woof of the nation's history? Language seems inadequate to draw the picture of the man whose word-paintings have made him famous even unto the uttermost parts of the civilized world. Born and reared in luxury, educated in the most liberal manner, with great natural abilities and with a power as an orator unequalled by any man of his day and generation, far removed from want by inheritance, Wendell Phillips had every inducement to consider himself one who should glide through life on flowery beds of ease and accept the best places which wealth, power and influence could jointly bestow. There was no social, professional or political height to which he might not justly have aspired, and no position which he might not have filled with distinguished ability and with the applause of his contemporaries. The rich and powerful would cheerfully and willingly have bestowed upon him all the honors which most men seek and prize. Yet the ambitious and brilliant young lawyer, who saw that his circumstances offered such promises, deliberately cast them aside and for nearly half a century devoted his whole energies, his voice, his time, his money, to the relief of the poor and the oppressed, without regard to sex, race, color or condition. This was the distinguishing feature of this man's life, and he chose this path under luxurious circumstances, such as would have held back most men as with a grip of iron. He was the one man in a million who would cut loose from such surroundings, turn his back on such a brilliant outlook and walk steadily in the path of duty. Men who differed from him, and even those who were the subjects of his merciless and matchless criticism, never doubted his sincerity or failed to respect his honesty of purpose.

The second issue of the "Waltham Backwoodman" came to us this week by the courtesy of a member of the Board of Selectmen. The paper is crowded with strong sentences and vigorous language against a city government for Waltham, and editor Peirce certainly has the courage of his convictions. In his editorial he says:—"The editor in chief has been hit several times, though not hard enough to knock out any his egotism." In another place he speaks of "The Arlington Advocate, one of the most witty, enterprising and best conducted papers in the county," showing himself appreciative as well as energetic.

It seems hardly possible, for the din and bustle of the last campaign still rings in our ears and the tragedy which so soon followed its close no one has forgotten, and yet the preliminary canvass for the Presidential nominees is even now well under way, and there is a gravitation towards President Arthur as one of the standard bearers that would not have been dreamed of three years ago. How often the public is obliged to revise its estimates of public men!

Exemplification of the work of the "Blue Lodge Degrees," formerly given in Boston, is now delegated to District Deputies, and the lodges comprising this Masonic District will meet in the lodge room of Hiram Lodge, Arlington, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, Feb. 13, under the direction of the D. D. G. M., George W. Storer. The meeting will be quite a notable one in the history of Masonry in this section.

The fifth annual reception of the Appalachian Mountain Club was held Wednesday evening at the Revere House. There were present about 150 ladies and gentlemen. A pleasant social evening was passed and a collation was enjoyed.

Arlington enjoys the distinction of a representative on the staff of the Mass. Dept. G. A. R., John H. Hardy, Esq., past Commander of Post 36, having been appointed Judge Advocate by the new Commander.

Read what police officer Grant, of New Haven, says in another column.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

WOBURN.

The principal rum seller of this town is Thomas Salmon, a member of the Board of Selectmen as well as the representative to the General Court from the District comprising the town. A long time ago cases were made against him in the lower courts which he has been able to carry forward to the Supreme Court. Recently a decision was reached, and as it is against him in every particular it only remains for the proper officers to produce him in court this term for sentence. The cause of good order would be served by pressing him to the full extent and give him employment under Mr. Adams, at East Cambridge, instead of assisting in making laws for the Commonwealth.

Mr. Mark Allen, of the Advertiser, achieved a vice-presidency at the recent meeting of the Press Association; and was chairman of the committee on resolutions on the death of Wendell Phillips.

Mr. John L. Parker, a Woburn boy, but now of the Lynn Item, is achieving fame as the song writer of the Grand Army. He gave it "We Old Boys," and has now issued "Mastered Out," a beautiful song and chorus for memorial services. It is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

MALDEN.

The Malden Mirror of last week gave a picture of the old Judson estate in that town in connection with the following item:—

"Miss Abigail B. Judson died at Plymouth, Mass., Friday morning of last week, aged 95 years. She was the daughter of Rev. Adoniram Judson, who for three or four years was pastor of the First church of Malden. She was a sister of Rev. Adoniram Judson, Jr., the renowned missionary to Burma, who was born in Malden while the elder Judson was a preacher here."

STONEHAM.

This town boasts of three papers. A week ago one of them announced that in its next issue the publisher of a rival would be practically annihilated. We opened last week's issue of the Leader with great expectations, to find only an immense heading and a modest note saying what was intended to fill the space was omitted for fear of a libel suit. It was an awful fizzle.

BELMONT.

Tuesday evening, at the homestead of Mr. Henry Y. Hill, the family celebrated the seventy-second birthday of the honored father with a pleasant family gathering. Their pastor, Rev. C. H. Watson, was with the party and the evening was one full of enjoyment for all. Belmont claims him as a citizen but in all but location himself and family are of Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Hill enjoy the respect of a wide circle in both towns.

MEDFORD.

The Eastern Convocation of the Episcopal church opened on Wednesday at Grace church. The morning service was in memory of the late Rev. C. A. Raud, a victim of the City of Columbus disaster, who was its dean. The convocation was continued through Thursday.

CAMBRIDGE.

Wednesday evening the body of a man with his skull crushed was found near the crossing of the Fitchburg railroad on North Avenue. It is supposed that his name was Neal O'Neil. Medical Examiner Holt viewed the body and an inquest is to be held.

WATERTOWN.

Mr. George R. Snow, of Pathfinder R. R. Guide fame, fell on the ice last Monday and broke his left arm. It was a heavy fall of Snow, as George weighs about 250 pounds.

The excitement of the Abbott defalcation has subsided, but there are many sad hearts in this community that feel no relief. The Rev. A. M. Knapp preached a sermon last Sunday upon "Trust," in which he stated that the late trouble was all the more noticeable from being exceptional. Millions of dollars are honestly handled by those in positions of trust.

The Directors of the Union Bank are peculiarly unfortunate, having been in office but a short time, not long enough to be morally responsible for the trouble that has come upon themselves and the community.

The Press Dinner.

The annual winter reunion of the Mass. Press Association was held at the Revere House (no other of Boston's many splendid hotels seems to give quite the satisfaction furnished by the proprietors of this old standard) on Tuesday, and was generally attended in spite of the driving storm. The old board of officers was re-elected and the usual business transacted, after which the social reunion was enjoyed in the parlors. At a little after two o'clock the company sat down to dinner, the principal invited guests being Gov. Robinson and wife, Rev. W. H. Ryder

and wife, with representatives of the several Press Associations of adjoining states and proprietors of the Boston Theatre, whose yearly return courtesy has been an invitation to witness the dramatic attraction at their theatre on the evening of each annual gathering. At the close of the dinner Mr. Francis Proctor, the president, made a brief opening address, and then presented his Excellency the Governor, who was grandly received.

"There are many experiences that a Governor enjoys," he said in response, but it was seldom before his privilege to sit at a public dinner where there was made no distinction of sex. If a dinner is good enough for a man, it is good enough for his wife to enjoy. He was doubtful what claims he had on the Press Association. If he had not written for the press he had at least furnished material for the newspapers. Discussing the influence of the press, historically and during modern times, he said the time had come when, as Lord Mansfield had prophesied, the press writes down kings and makes rulers. The Governor quoted Jefferson in 1789 on the influence and duties of the press, and contrasted his utterances of that time with what the same man said in denunciation a few years later. Need I say, continued the Governor, that he had in the meantime been a candidate for office, and that he was then President of the United States. These two utterances of Mr. Jefferson convey a lesson: he believed the first, and he was convinced of the second. But I am not here to instruct the newspapers of Massachusetts. It is not only a public officer's duty, but it is his privilege to be discussed by the people, not only in November, but during any or all of the 365 days of the year. It is better that it is so, even if the officer suffers. It is no matter if the shepherd suffers if the flock is saved. I have got more than my deserts at the hands of the newspapers. (Cries of No!) I'm much obliged to you for saying No, right here. I believe the newspapers of the country as a whole are conducted as honestly as any business interest. Some mean men handle the quill. But conscienceless newspapers are soon known as such. The weekly paper that has here a more numerous representation occupies a very peculiar position. The sphere of the weekly paper is one of great power. It has an influence that the daily press does not possess. Local weeklies are not thrown aside, but are kept for perusal."

Other speeches followed, and these were interspersed with musical numbers by Miss Ellen E. H. Carter, a fine soprano; and Miss Alta Pease, a rich and strong contralto; and other volunteer artists.

The Elevated Railroad.

The Meigs elevated railroad enterprise which is now before the Legislature, having successfully passed its first stages in the House of Representatives, provides for a corporation formed under so much of the general railroad law as may be applicable, to build and operate a road on the Meigs plan between Cambridge and Bowdoin square in Boston. The capital stock is to be not less than \$100,000 a mile, 10 per cent. of which is to be paid in before the certificate is granted, and 50 per cent. before construction is actually begun. The location is to be granted by the board of aldermen of each city, under such restrictions as they may deem expedient, and the location grant may be revoked at any time within one year. The bill binds the corporation to build one mile of the road and have it approved by the railroad commissioners and a competent engineer appointed by them and to be paid by the corporation, before any location is asked for within the city of Boston. Land damages, and damages accruing from the construction, maintenance or operation of the road, are to be determined in the same manner as when land is taken for a highway, but no title is to be acquired, or adverse entry effected until payment of damages has been made or security given therefor satisfactory to the owner.

These are the main features of the bill, and it is difficult to see how any member of the Legislature can fairly cavil at them. They do what has always been urged as a desideratum—fix a specific location; and they also provide, with apparent completeness, for damages of all kinds—unless it be to the aesthetic feelings of those Bostonians who generally oppose everything. The location chosen for the experiment is one which has loudly demanded more rapid transit, and is favorable for a fair trial of Capt. Meigs' experiment.

Hon. E. S. Tobey is to succeed himself as postmaster of Boston. President Arthur has taken a long time to consider the matter, but has reached a decision generally satisfactory.

TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER. We know of nothing more effective for the cure of rough or chafed skin than Pearl's White Glycerine; it immediately relieves the soreness, and its healing qualities are certainly wonderful, leaving the skin soft and pliable. It can be used at any time.

Jet black ink; black on the instant. Equal to any French ink. Popular with every one who has used it. Stevens & Manchester, 37 West St., Boston.

A week of rainy, disagreeable weather, surely!

Deaths.

In Lexington, Feb. 1, Mrs. Antoinette C., wife of Frank F. Raymond, aged 26 years, 4 months. In Lexington, Feb. 1st, Timothy Ryan, aged 99 years, 8 months.

In Arlington, Feb. 4, John, son of Isaac E. and Mary J. Robinson, aged 2 years, 3 months. In Arlington, Feb. 4, Jennie S., wife of Daniel Wyman, aged 25 years, 2 months, 6 days.

Allice Phelps (Davis) Merriam.

Born in Lexington, April 19, 1835. Died in Kingston, February 3, 1884.

Seldom have tidings of death been more startling than on Monday last when it was announced that the young wife of Rev. Charles L. Merriam, of Kingston, had died the night before, after a sudden illness of only two days. Many friends in Lexington have been deeply moved by the sad bereavement. It was here that the deceased had spent two-thirds of her life, and although for nearly nine years her home had been in Andover, yet she retained her social relations, and until recently her church membership, in the circle of her kindred and early friends in Lexington.

She was always fond of music, and during her residence at Andover she played the organ with much acceptance, in the new stone chapel on the Seminary grounds. By her gentle disposition, her winning manners and her unselfish character, she gained the respect and affection of all who knew her.

She was married on the 26th of June last, and shortly afterwards accompanied her husband, a recent graduate at Andover, to the pleasant parish at Kingston, in the Old Colony, where a commodious parsonage had been erected for their use. They received a cordial welcome from the people of the place and entered heartily into the work for which they were both so well qualified and in which they anticipated many years of increasing usefulness.

But the great Head of the Church, as if satisfied with the quality of this young disciple's work, appointed her to other ministries on high; and with but slight summons, came and took her to himself, saying, as it were, to the stricken husband "what I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." At the request of the people of Kingston, funeral services were held at their parsonage on Tuesday, in which several of the neighboring clergy participated. On Wednesday afternoon the burial took place from the Hancock church in Lexington, where a large number of sympathizing friends, many of them from Andover, gathered to pay their last tribute to the memory of their much loved sister. Prof. Churchill assisted the pastor in the services, and read, by request, the lines of Helen Hunt, "Not as I will," and those of Adelaide Proctor, entitled "Cleansing Fires." The church choir gave fitting expression to the feelings of all by their impressive renderings of selected hymns, and the floral tributes were touchingly beautiful and significant.

Flowers for weddings.
Wm. J. Dinsmore,
North Cambridge.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

We take this opportunity to kindly thank the Selectmen for their promptness in responding to all calls made by us in connection with the Alms House, for the past three years. That they have faithfully performed their duties as Overseers of the Poor, none know better than we.

We also wish to extend our sincere thanks to the ladies having charge of the "Gammel Fund," for their promptness in fulfilling their duties—which they have more than done. They have not only visited the sick but have sat by the bedside of the dying and administered to their wants when there was not a friend on earth to care for them. We have ever placed great confidence in their goodness and kind advice, given cheerfully whenever needed, never chiding, but always encouraging us as best they could. We consider them worthy in every respect to fill the position they do as trustees of the Gammel Legacy.

Yours with respect,
MR. and MRS. N. B. STONE,
Supt. and Matron of the Alms House, Lexington, Mass., Feb. 6, 1884.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Jan. 24, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the Selectmen of Arlington have petitioned the General Court for legislation to prevent the pollution of the waters of Alewife Brook, a stream between Arlington and Cambridge, because of the discharge of sewage therein by the city of Cambridge or any public or private corporation or individual, and that a hearing upon said petition will be held before the Committee on Drainage, at the State House, Room 15, on Friday, February 29th, 1884, at 11 o'clock A. M.

W. A. KINGSBURY,
Clerk pro tem. of Committee on Drainage.

Flowers for funerals,
Dinsmore, Florist,
North Cambridge.

The following from Officer Grant of the New Haven Police Force.

New Haven, Conn., August 17, 1882. Messrs. LEWIS & CO., Gentlemen:—For the past year and a half I have been affected with malaria, attended by the usual symptoms. I have been treated by competent physicians, but without lasting benefit. About one month ago I began the use of your Red Jacket Bitters. I am now wholly free from malaria, and propose to depend upon your Bitters in the future as a safeguard against that disease.

Yours, etc.,
J. W. GRANT.

Lexington Savings Bank

B. C. WHITCHER Treasurer.

GEO. W. ROBINSON, President.

ROOM: TOWN HALL BUILDING.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS:

Wednesdays from 2.30 to 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays from 2.30 to 7.30 P. M.

7 Dec-11

MISS E. & M. A. BALL,

DRESS-MAKERS,

Myrtle Street, opp. Summer,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders; and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish garments.

CASSIUS M. HALL,
GROCEER,
Pleasant Street,
ARLINGTON.

We always keep a full stock of first class Groceries, but we desire to call particular attention *now* to our HOUTON ROSE and PROLIFIC

POTATOES,
which having bought recently we are offering at a very low price.

And what is very hard to find this season.

Very Nice APPLES.

We deliver goods in Arlington and all adjoining towns.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
ROLLER SKATING RINK,

UNION HALL,

OPENING MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1884,

and every evening during the week (Tuesdays excepted) at 7 o'clock. All interested in this exhilarating sport are invited to attend the opening.

Skates For Sale and To Let at the Hall.

Arlington Heights, Feb. 7, 1884.

HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.
Seven House Lots.

located with fine landscape views, including water, dry and healthy, within

Six Minutes' Walk of the Depot.

good gravel sidewalks, and on the best lighted street in the town neighborhood of the highest respectability. A fine opportunity for half a dozen young families to get their homes to those already existing. On the Chamberlain Estate, Myrtle street. Public water on the street. Money loaned to those who wish to build, at under 6 per cent. per annum. Apply to

WM. STOWE, 114 Commercial St., Boston, or S. A. FOWLE, Arlington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of MARY SHERRMAN, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased.

GREETING.
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Sherman, of Cambridge, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exonerated from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minute man, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said Court, this thirty first day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

HOUSE TO LET

In Arlington, on Summer St.

A good and convenient HOUSE, containing six rooms, with cellar and cold well water, with plenty of yard room. Inquire of C. H. CUTLER, near the premises.

A. S. MITCHELL,

DEALER IN—

HEMLOCK BARK

Beach, Birch, Basswood, Ash, Oak, Cherry or Maple furnished in any amount or dimensions desired.

P. O. Box 11. EAST LEXINGTON, MASS.

NO CURE! NO PAY!

Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam.

Is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds,

Hoarseness, Sore Throat and

all Diseases of the Throat

and Lungs.

We do not claim to cure consumption when thoroughly seated, but we do claim that thousands of lives may be saved every year by the timely use of Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam.

Many people imagine they have consumption, when in reality they only have a bad cold, which can be easily cured by proper care and the right kind of medicine. We could fill columns with testimonials, but do not believe in that way of advertising, our idea is to let everybody that is afflicted with a cough try for themselves, and if not perfectly satisfied, return the bottle to the dealer of whom it was bought and receive their money back.

Price for trial sizes, 25 cents.

Family sizes, \$1 per bottle.

Remember, No Cure, No Pay!

18 Nov-11

ASA COTTRELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Takes acknowledgments of Deeds and affidavits to be used in other states, and admits to bail in civil and criminal cases.

27 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

The Lexington Minute-man

FOR SALE BY

G. H. DRUMMOND,

L. G. BABCOCK,

AUG. CHILDS.

E. CUTTER, JR.,

Teacher of Piano and Organ,

TERMS \$15.00

Address, Woburn.

W. H. H. TUTTLE,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-law

OFFICE:

53 Devonshire St., BOSTON.

Elevator at No. 47 Devonshire Street.

A. H. POTTER,
WATCHMAKER,
10 Bromfield St.,
And 290 Washington Street, Boston.

JOHN H. HARDY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

23 Court St., BOSTON.

Arlington office in Town Hall.

July 24

GEO. Y. WELLINGTON.

General Fire Insurance Ag't

Savings Bank Building,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Office hours, Saturdays from 7 to 9 p. m.

CHARLES T. WEST,

INSURANCE AGENT,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Office at W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard.

Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies as desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.

Oct 23 18

Those wishing for Baked Beans Sunday Morning, can be supplied by leaving their orders by Friday night at the Arlington Bakery.

MISS E. L. BAKER,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE,

Will receive pupils after October 15th. Lessons given at their residence or at music rooms in Boston. Address P. O. Box 33, Arlington Heights. Miss Baker is a teacher of experience, and a pupil of Carlisle Petersilea.

2 Sep-13m

JOHN MCKINNON,

CARPENTER and BUILDER,

Lexington, Mass.

Shop near Whitcher's grain mill.

Estimates on Contract Work.

Carpenter work of all kinds.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

R. T. REFUSE,

BLACKSMITH.

HORSESHOEING

—AND—

Carriage Manufacturing,

Light and Heavy Express, Market

and Manure Wagons,

made to order, in a superior manner.

SLEIGHS, PUNGS, ETC.

Carriage painting in all its

branches.

SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRAL STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.

20 July

Smith

& CO.'S

Lexington and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICE, 33 Court Square. Order

box at H. Locke's, 42 Faneuil Hall Market. Of

fice at Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Office

at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W.

Holbrook's.

14 Dec-25

FURNITURE MOVING.

Russell House,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

This handsome new hotel has closed its Summer season of 1883 and is now open to Fall and Winter boarders. The house contains all modern conveniences, including gas, steam, open

Temperance Department.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colt's-foot, plantain-leaves, fuller's earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco. You cannot afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life.

A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day, at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.' And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the Grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grand-parents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

RUM IN POLITICS.

Rum is to-day the most potent power in American politics. It is the most powerful influence, and for several reasons, among which are the vast money interests involved, the utterly conscienceless character of the men engaged in it, and the ease of massing the vote it controls.

The money interest is something enormous. In the State of Ohio there are \$70,000,000 invested in breweries alone, and when the investment in saloons, saloon fixtures and the necessary concomitants of the trade are taken into consideration, the sum total of money devoted to brewing alone foots up to an amount almost fabulous. The headquarters of this octopus are of course in the great cities, but its feelers extend over the entire country, and its cold, clammy hand is upon every spot of ground in the country. It has its adherents in every country village, and it even fills the country itself.

The brewers and distillers have in hand an army of voters. In a city like Toledo, there are 800 saloons, all controlled by the Brewers. There isn't one of them that is not in some way in the hands of the Brewers. The large majority of them they own directly out and out, and those who are not so owned are in such relations with the Brewers that they dare not offend them, something that they are not likely to do, as their interests are identical.

What a mass of voters these 800 control! In addition to these count the occupations directly or indirectly connected with brewing, and the army swells to something appalling. Especially is this so when it is taken into consideration that it is a vote that can be handled. The saloon keeper cares not a whit who represents him in Congress; one man is as good to him as another. He votes as the Brewer dictates, and the Brewer casts the vote for whomsoever is most useful to him. He takes the measure of every candidate with sole reference to his soundness on the Beer question, and he elects or defeats as his interests dictate.

No one who has not examined into the matter appreciates the enormous power of this interest. It is a most easy interest to collect money from. The Liquor-Dealers' Association of a State assesses the liquor-dealers so much each and they pay. So enormous are the profits of brewing and distilling that any number of millions may be contributed at any time for any political object in which they have an interest. The ordinary citizen has no personal interest in politics, and what he gives, either in time or money, is given from a patriotic motive, to forward a cause he believes in. The brewers and liquor-sellers have a direct money interest in controlling legislation, and they set apart a percentage of their blood money for this purpose, it being as legitimate an expenditure with them as rent or insurance.

To this facility for raising money must be added the vast vote controlled

by the brewing and saloon interests which is controlled by Beer and Whiskey. It is certain that the hangers-on of saloons, the rag-uniformed, down-at-heels, free-lunch mass who are the equals of the Chief Justice on election days—are controlled entirely by this interest. They live for Whiskey and Beer, and the weeks before and the week after an election is their season. They do not have to resort to dodges to procure their supplies during this period. The payment for votes is made in rum, and this vote, next to that of the saloon-keepers, as employed by them, is the chief reliance of the Beer-Barons, and it foots up enormously.

This is the power the Beer-Barons have entire control of:—themselves and their immediate employees. The saloon-keepers and their employees; the gamblers, thieves, prostitutes and hangers-on of saloons; the vast army of drunkards, who are kept full of stimulants the year round for use on election days; the branches of business which depend upon this interest,—those furnishing supplies to it directly and indirectly.

Now bear in mind that this vote does not divide upon the various questions that arise for public consideration. It is held solid, to be cast in whatever direction it may be needed to protect this one interest. It is welded by one hand, directed by one head. It is emphatically the whisky vote, and used solely and entirely in the interest of whisky. Any candidate may have it who chooses to pay the price. Any party may have it that is willing to guarantee it immunity from interference.

What is the remedy for this condition of things? A very simple one. The drunkard-makers and the drunkards are not the majority in any city or state. As lines are now drawn they simply hold the balance of power. All that is needed is for the sober men of the country, those not interested in beer but whose interests are opposed to it, to unite as they have done. We need to have in every state just one fight on the Beer issue. We want to have that issue freed from other questions and presented nakedly to the voters. We want to have a square fight on this one question. We want it detached from party and made the one question to vote upon. Then these impudent, insolent devastators of homes, these destroyers of everything that is good and promoters of everything bad, will discover that their strength is weakness, that their power has no foundation to rest upon. The Rum Power is an egg shell which only needs a vigorous closing of the strong hand of public opinion to crush it entirely. This is what the country has got to do.—Toledo Blade.

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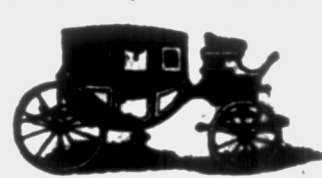
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Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy access. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,

Automatic Blind Fixtures, Wire Netting, Norton's Door Checks, Nails, Screws, Hinges, Sheathing Paper, Tools, Roofing Cement, Scissors, Brass and Iron Tacks, Chains, Bolts and Harness Goods.

Flag Collars 90 cents. Packing Trunks \$1.50. Heaviest Trunk Chains 75 cents per pair. Zinc Trunk \$2.75. Prison Harnesses, hand sewed, \$20.00. Hill's Carriage Harness \$25.00

And all other goods in the hardware and cutlery line at prices guaranteed as low as can be found in Boston.

LYMAN LAWRENCE, Main Street, Lexington.

The Winter Season is Here in Force,

and as usual we are fully prepared with seasonal goods, at lowest prices. Our stock of Fresh Meats is the best the market affords, including

Beef, Fresh Pork, Turkeys, Geese, Lamb, Sausage, Chickens, Fowls.

Game of any kind if ordered.

Vegetables.—Celery, Lettuce, Parsley, Mint, Cape Turnips, Flat Turnips, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Squash, Sweet Potatoes, E. K. Potatoes, Cabbage, Cape Cod Cranberries.

Canned Goods.—We have stocked our store with a first class line of CANNED GOODS. Give us a call before you purchase elsewhere. Our Tomatoes and Green Corn canned especially for our trade and we warrant every can. Peas, String Beans, Lima Beans, Blueberries, Asparagus, Squash, Lobster.

Florida Oranges, Lemons, Malaga Grapes, Raisins, Figs, Dates and Nuts of all kinds. C. & B. Pickles, Blue Cross Pickles, Worcestershire Sauce, Halford Sauce, Capers, Horse Radish, Pepper Sauce, Honey, Mustard. We also make a specialty of

BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD AND EGGS.

We have started a branch store at Arlington Heights, where we intend to keep the same line of goods we do at our Pleasant street store. We thank the public for past patronage, and hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a generous share of the public trade.

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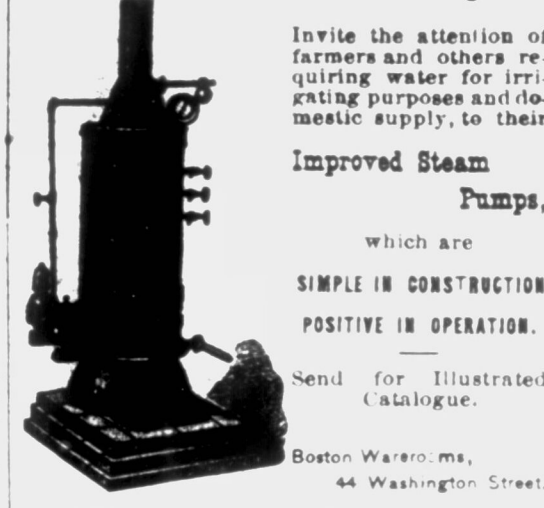
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All Standard and Staple Groceries and a large assortment of goods usually found in a well stocked grocery store.

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Oh, Love!
Most sovereign power!
By every tender token,
By every fond word spoken
By every hope and sigh,
The glancing of an eye,
The tell-tale blush,
The hectic flush,
Smiles, rhapsody, or tears,
Unspoken doubts or fears,
Unwritten songs to sunshine wed,
Celestial dreams by fancy fed,
From early morn to midnight hour,
Each day, each day,
Must I betray,
And ever prove,
Oh, Love! ah me!
How much am I in debt to thee!

Oh, Love!
I here protest
By every bond and fetter
I'm an insolvent debtor,
With but thy revenue
To cancel debts long due.
Early and late
I liquidate
With Love what'er I owe
To either friend or foe.
With pitying heart and willing hand
Responding unto each demand
With Love's accruing interest.
Life abbe, and yet
I'm in thy debt.
And, dying, prove,
Oh, Love! ah me!
I cannot get release from thee.

—Josephine Pollard.

THE WOOD CHOPPER.

"You are really too bad, Horace!" and a touch of the whip to Whitefoot's sides emphasized Godfrey Howell's impatient exclamation.

His companion started from his reveries, and with a good-natured laugh asked, "Why?"

"Why? Have we not been riding side by side for nearly three hours, and have you not been as fat as a fish all the time? I've suggested opera, the weather, the state of the nation, and various other original topics in vain; even a slightly disparaging remark upon the fair Clemmie's beauty only called forth a lazy 'Do you think so?'"

"Why should I be Miss Ryan's defender?"

"You admired her last winter."

"Oh, yes, as lately as this spring; but an accident revealed to me so hollow and heartless a nature beneath her fair face, that I felt my admiration die instantly. Oh! Godfrey, are there any real and true women left?"

"Sweet, innocent creatures! composed of all the domestic virtues bound in shilling calico! Pray, were you dreaming of such one in your long reverie?"

"No; I was thinking—"

"So I imagined. Come, out with it; I am quite curious to hear what formed the subject of your thoughts."

"I must go back a little to make you quite understand why they were so grossing. You may have heard that my uncle, who adopted me when I lost my parents, was an eccentric, indeed—some said—almost a crazy man. And he certainly had very peculiar notions. Among these was a fixed aversion to authors, actors, painters, sculptors, and—I am quoting his words—'other gentlemen vagabonds.' You may then, imagine his fury when I declared my intention of becoming an artist. Every threat in the English language, every sort of abuse was poured out upon my devoted head to try and move me; but I felt that a higher power had placed the longing in my soul for my happiness, and I was resolute. Then entreaties harder to resist than the threats, were tried; but my own convictions of the true aim of my life were not to be shaken. I had my little inheritance from my mother, and, by care, I could make that cover the expenses of my education. So the threat to disinherit me was powerless like all the rest, and I sailed for Italy, firmly determined to return an artist. There had been a strong love between my uncle and myself. I honored his good qualities, and was willing, for their sake, to humor his whims; and I was the only child of his only sister, whom he loved devotedly. So when I returned he sent for me, and in his own queer way made a bargain with me. If I will paint him one good picture, get it admitted to the academy, draw the prize, and sell it for enough to prove that my art will not beggar me, he will forgive me all my obstinacy and take me home again."

"Well, where is the difficulty? You have painted pictures worthy of a place in the academy, and, if I mistake not, sold them too."

"They were all either portraits or historical subjects. For this, my greatest effort. I want something new, something original. Historical subjects are so hackneyed, and I don't want to be represented in the catalogue by 'Portrait of a lady.' I was thinking over, for the hundredth time, all the subjects that have yet suggested themselves, when you spoke to me."

"Look!" cried Godfrey, reining his horse and pointing forward with the whip; "there is a subject!"

Through the broken gateway, which led from the road to a cottage, Horace saw his picture. The background was the stone wall of the house, and the surroundings were a pile of wood, a gate, and the soft, green grass. Kneeling upon the largest log, with both chubby hands, to raise the heavy ax, was a child, whose white, polished limbs and lovely face were fair enough to rouse any soul to admiration. The dark blue dress of woolen fabric was scant enough to leave the dimpled shoulders and arms bare, and the plump, white foot had neither shoe nor stocking to hide its splendid beauty. Dark chestnut curls, escaping from a scarlet hood, shaded a bright face, whose large dark eyes were raised as the little one stood motionless, looking at the carriage and the two "city gentlemen."

"Lottie! Lottie! you little romp, where are you?"

The child started as the voice came floating out at the open window above her.

"I'm down here, chopping wood."

A sweet, bright face came out among the roses which surrounded the window, and then, with a merry laugh, the sister cried:

disappeared to reappear, a moment later, at the door.

"Miss Susie Laurie, by all that is beautiful!" cried Godfrey, and, tossing the reins to Horace, he sprang out of the vehicle, and in another moment was beside the young lady.

"Tie up the horse, Horace, and come here," he said, a moment later. "Miss Laurie is kind enough to promise us a country tea."

"I don't know what you think of Lottie," said their hostess, as she led the young men into the pretty parlor; "for the child is perfectly crazy. Aunt Harriet felt unequal to the constant gawdy of a watering place, this summer, and she required some change of air. So we took this cottage to reside for a few months. It is Lottie's first season of perfect freedom, and the child is absolutely crazy upon all country matters. Seeing some of the farmer's children in the neighborhood barefoot, she steals away and doffs her shoes and stockings whenever she can escape observation. Ah! here she comes!"

Such a quiet-looking child, in dainty shoes and stockings, with a pure white dress and demure face, stole in, that Horace entered a laughing protest against the transformation; and the cause of the stop before the gate was explained.

There was something—who can tell what—that made Susie Laurie not unwilling to see Horace Lee's handsome face again, and she consented to allow Lottie to be painted. Aunt Harriet, who presided over the promised country tea, was quite willing to agree to the arrangement, and an appointment for a sitting the next day was made.

It took a long time to get the sketches to suit the young artist. Sometimes it was too early, sometimes it was too late. Often Lottie had escaped and was off in the fields or woods; yet these mishaps never tried the temper of the artist, or prevented his punctual appearance at the appointed time. Long walks or drives were made to look for the little wood chopper, and as Horace felt the sister's hand on his arm, or heard her sweet voice in his ear, he would forget his uncle, his picture, everything but the lovely face upon which he gazed, and the happiness it was to be near Susie Laurie.

Oh! the old, old story! Who can tell all the whys and wherefores? They met—they loved!

The picture was finished at last, and placed in the Academy to draw forth many praises and win the prize. Yet even the renewal of his uncle's favor and the warm commendations of his friends did not give Horace the thrill of delight which he felt when Lottie put her arms around his neck and said:

"Susie says you're going to be my brother, and I'm awful glad!"—Annie Arnold in the Artist.

Anything But Dirt in the Navy.

Did you notice that man walk over to the curb and spit in the street? I'll bet he's been on shipboard. There a man's got to use either the spit-kids or spit over the side of the vessel into the water. They'll stand anything but dirt in the navy, you know. How is this for a daily routine: When the bo's'n pipes up all hands in the morning they turn out, put up their hammocks, stow 'em away in the nettles, then sweep the decks. Mess-cloths are spread, and after breakfast the decks are swept down again. At 11:30 A. M. sweepers are piped and then mess-cloths are laid for dinner, after which she is swept fore and aft once more. It's done twice more, before supper and after supper, making six times a day. You mayn't think they sweep only. Not a day passes but that the decks are either dry or wet holystoned. A holy-stone is a big stone, flat and smooth on one side. The center of a long rope is made fast to it, and a squad of men lay hold of opposite ends and pull it backward and forward over the decks, which have been first wet down and sprinkled with sand.

In places that they can't reach, corners, you know, they make men get down on their knees with little hand-stones, called prayer-books, and scrub 'em out. After this they bend the hose to the pumps and wash the sand away. Men follow with squillees, arrangements shaped like a hoe, with a strip of rubber tacked to the edge. They use 'em to rub the heaviest part of the water off the decks. Next comes another detail with swabs. They are like big hemp horses' tails, and are swung right and left. When the fibers get well saturated the swab is rung and used over again. Light, flat sheet-iron charcoal stoves, the under side three feet square, are then suspended by long rods to within about a foot and a half of the deck, and swung backward and forward until the place underneath is pretty dry, when they shift them to other hammock-hooks and repeat this process. This is done three times a week, and dry holystoning twice. On such days the sweepers are used five times. The decks are always like the driven snow, and wouldn't soil a cambric handkerchief at any time. Now you can understand why a sailor learns to use the spit-kids—well, cuspidore—look here, who's spinning this yarn?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Important Want.

A Russian colonel sold one of his horses to a merchant at a very high price, intimating at the same time that he was very loath to part with it, the animal being so capable and intelligent as "only to want a tongue in order to be perfect." The merchant's delight at his bargain, however, was somewhat dashed by the news brought him next day by his groom that the horse was incapable of drinking properly, having only half a tongue. At this fatal revelation of the colonel's real meaning his victim at once laid the case before a magistrate; but the defendant maintained, amid the uproarious laughter of the entire court (including even the presiding judge himself), that he had given his customer fair warning of the defect, his words being that the horse "only wanted a tongue to make him perfect," and he appealed to the plaintiff himself for a confirmation of his statement, which the latter, with extreme reluctance eventually gave. The magistrate pronounced that nothing could be done, and recommended that the affair should be compromised.

Not a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

SOME AMUSING SKETCHES.

COMICAL TALES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Leap-Year Effort—Students Floored—Bismarck's Cherries—How the Governor's Leg Grew On.

A LEAP-YEAR EFFORT.

Handsome Young Smithers—"The weather is getting a little more pleasant. Antique Miss Blifkins—"Yes; it is just lovely now for wedding tours."

H. Y. Smithers—"By the way, I understand that the government is to pursue a vigorous foreign policy."

A. M. Blifkins—"Indeed! I should think you would be more interested in domestic politics. Every young man should get a—"

H. Y. Smithers—"Yes, should get a position which would enable him to earn a living."

A. M. Blifkins—"Yes; for himself and wi—"

H. Y. Smithers—"Ah, beg pardon! I believe a big fire has broken out up street. I must run and see if any of my property is in danger."

A. M. Blifkins—"Oh, don't go. That fire is nothing to the fire that burns in my—"

But he had fled.—Philadelphia Call.

STUDENTS FLOORED.

A Lexington correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal tells a good story of old father "Raccoon John Smith," who was noted for his sharpness at repartee. He was frequently quizzed in order to hear his replies. On one occasion three students of Georgetown college, Ky., saw him coming at a distance, and arranged that they would walk about twenty yards apart, and as they passed him the first one was to say: "Good morning, Mr. Abraham," the second to call him "Mr. Isaac," and the third "Mr. Jacob." So the first called him "Mr. Abraham," and the old gentleman only seemed a little surprised that anybody there should not know him. The second one called him "Mr. Isaac," and the old gentleman evidently suspected something. His familiarity with the Bible made him anticipate what the third was going to say, and he got ready for him. "Good morning, Mr. Jacob," said the third student. "Stop, young man," said the old gentleman, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob; I am Saul the son of Kish, in search of my father's asses, and behold, I have found three of them."

BISMARCK'S CHERRIES.

The Paris Figaro publishes the following amusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the state dinners at Berlin, and at which the late Lord Beaconsfield and the marquis of Salisbury were present:

Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with cherries; the marquis of Salisbury observed it.

"Prince," said he, suddenly, "what you are doing is very unhealthy."

"What?" said Prince Bismarck, in astonishment.

"You have swallowed two cherry-stones."

"You are mistaken," said the prince, with marked coldness.

"Never!" replied Salisbury, with that hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" said Bismarck, his eyes shooting fire.

It was at this moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue.

"Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone."

"Two!" interrupted Salisbury, in a decided tone.

"Or two," continued Lord Beaconsfield, as calmly as possible; "and you, my dear lord and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, prince and marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question?"

"How?" murmured Bismarck.

"Your plate, highness, if you please?" This last was in English, the correspondent adding that Lord Beaconsfield was the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talked French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table. All eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then, in that clear, piercing voice that has so often moved the house of commons, the English prime minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to forty-seven stones, and likewise with the stems, till he counted forty-nine. The proof was there—two stones were wanting.

Bismarck rose and said, in an agitated voice: "Marquis, you are right!" then, turning, said in a loud voice: "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man!"

HOW THE GOVERNOR'S LEG GREW ON.

An old fellow from Bear Wallow visited the executive office the other day to talk with the governor and secure something to "blow" about his neighborhood.

"Come in," said a pleasant-looking gentleman.

"Are you the governor?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, then, I've allus been mistaken about you. I had heard that you left one of your legs on the battle-field, and I see you've got two legs. How do you account for that?"

"Easy enough. When I took my seat as governor I had only one leg with me, having, as you say, lost the other one in battle. A short time after I took my seat I noticed that another leg had begun to grow out. At first I was alarmed, having never heard of such a performance, but after awhile I decided to await developments. The leg kept on growing until the ankle was reached. It stopped then for a few days, and I thought that the resurrection business was entirely suspended, but I was wrong. The leg was only gathering material with which to build a foot. After awhile the foot began to make its appearance. It reminded me of an old woman knitting a sock. It would have tickled you to death to see how skillfully and human-like the work of rounding off the heel went on. Occasion-

ally it would drop a stitch, but, sir, it would hop back and pick it up. I was very anxious about the instep, but my fears were soon allayed, for it was shaped off as perfect as anything you ever saw. At last, when the performance reached the toes, hanged if I didn't think that I would itch to death, but I couldn't scratch, for that would have spoiled the work. When the job was completed I could walk as well as any man in town, and I even ran a race with an old negro down on the river bank."

"Did you walk around while the growin' was goin' on?" asked the man from Bear Wallow, regarding the governor with curious gaze.

"Oh, no. I had to remain perfectly quiet and allow my leg to lay on a kind of cot which I had prepared for the occasion."

"Did you talk to any of the doctors about it?"

"Yes, but they did not regard it as remarkable. One of our leading physicians said that election to office was very frequently the cause of legs and arms growing out, and gave it as his opinion that this was the reason crippled men were always after offices."

"It may not have seemed strange to the doctor, but dinged if it don't seem mighty strange to me."

"It did to me at first, but I soon got used to it; and let me remark that when a man is elected governor of Arkansas he will soon get used to a number of things he never heard of before."

"Now, when I go home an tell the folks that the governor's leg has grown out, they'll believe it, for they don't think anything impossible with him, but when I tell 'em that I've seed the governor an' set down and talked to him familiar-like, they won't believe it. Can't you give me some sort of receipt showin' that I have seed you. Jest say: 'This here is to certify that John Kill-prime, of Bear Wallow, has this day had a conversation with me, I axed John to set down and make himself at home, which he done, an' I found him mighty entertainin', an' wish he'd come agin and fetch his folks.' Des draw up them words exactly an' sign 'em, please."

"I'll do it, sir," and the receipt was drawn up and signed. Greatly elated, the man from Bear Wallow, went down. At the state-house gate he met the watchman, who asked:

"That feller gone down from up yonder yet?"

"What feller?"

"That feller in the governor's room."

"Ain't he the governor?"

"Governor, the deuce. He's a jack leg lawyer from up the country and is here tryin' to get a pardon for a hog thief."

The governor's been dodgin' him all day.—Arkansas Traveler.

Stories of the Bench and Bar.

Ministers enjoy telling anecdotes about the cloth; doctors—Oliver Wendell Holmes is a conspicuous example—overflow with stories at the expense of their brethren; and lawyers and judges, when they get together, make the rafters ring with inextinguishable laughter. Mr. Croake James, whose name is a singular illustration of the old proverb that names go by contraries, when he retired from the law after half a century's practice, dedicated to his companions a repertory of stories which he had been long preparing, selections from which he had often read to them in grand divan assembled.

Mr. James first gives Lord Brougham's definition of a lawyer as "a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it to himself," and then goes on to recall an old story of Lord Avonmore, who had fallen into the bad habit of interrupting counsel. Thus Curran was often stopped short in his argument by his lordship, who would say:

"Mr. Curran, I know your cleverness, but it's quite in vain for you to go on; I see the drift of it all, and you are only giving yourself and me unnecessary trouble."

One day, Curran, being too often stopped in this way, thus addressed the judge: "Perhaps, my lord, I am straying, but you must impute it to the extreme agitation of my mind. I have just witnessed so dreadful a circumstance that my imagination has not yet recovered the shock."

The judge was all attention: "Go on, Mr. Curran." "On my way to court, my lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher proceeding to slaughter a calf. Just as his hand was raised, a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrible to relate—I see the life blood gushing out still—the poor child's bosom was under the butcher's hand, when he plunged the knife into it—"

"Into the child?" cried out the judge, with great emotion.

"Your lordship sometimes anticipates it went right into the neck of the calf!" Judge Wiles once sentenced a boy at Lancaster to be hanged, with the hope of reforming him by frightening him, and he ordered him for execution next morning.

The judge awoke in the middle of the night, and was so affected by the notion that he might himself die in the course of the night, and the boy be hanged, though he did mean he should suffer, that he got out of bed and went to the lodgings of the high sheriff and left a relieve for the boy, or what was to be considered equivalent to it, and then, returning to his bed, spent the rest of the night very comfortably.

When Lord Mansfield once exclaimed to Mr. Dunning, as he was laying down a legal point: "Oh, if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may burn my law books!" "Better read them, my lord," was the ready retort.

In a similar manner an Irish judge shook his head as Mr. Curran was elaborating one of his points to a jury. "I see," said Mr. Curran, "I see, gentlemen, the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that it implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken. It is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head there's 'nothing in it!'"

Ran Both Ways.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in the house, the counsel asked him: "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied: "One way they run up stairs, and the other way they run down stairs."

The learned counsel winked his eye, and then took a look at the ceiling.

HEALTH HINTS.

Neuralgia and toothache are sometimes speedily relieved by applying to the wrist a quantity of bruised or grated horseradish.

Insect bites, and even that of a rattlesnake, have proved harmless by stirring enough common salt into the yolk of a good egg to make it sufficiently thin for a plaster, to be kept on the bitten part.

A New Yorker gives the following remedy for frost bites: Rub the afflicted parts with pure oil of peppermint. It will also prevent the after effect of chilblains. Care should be taken to use only the pure oil and not the essence of peppermint, as the essence will not have the desired effect.

Dr. J. S. Wilson, in the Southern World, declares that to cure a fever, or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to the juice of fresh, ripe watermelons, which may, with very few exceptions, be taken in sickness and in health, in almost unlimited quantity, not only without injury, but with positive benefit.—Dr. Foster's Health Monthly.

The London Lancet says: Dr. Milner Fothergill recommends the use of stewed fruits in many instances of gout and dyspepsia. Sugar is undoubtedly objectionable to many, but it is by no means necessary to add sugar to stewed fruit; if the acidity be neutralized by an alkali, little or no sugar is required. Thrifty housewives have long been familiar with the fact that the addition of a small quantity of the bicarbonate of soda to stewed fruit reduces the acidity, so as to save the necessity of so much sugar. If about as much bicarbonate of potash as will lie on a shilling be added to each pound of fruit it will be found sufficient to neutralize the acidity and to bring out the natural sweetness. Milk puddings and stewed fruit are excellent for the dyspeptic, the bilious and the gouty.

An Offhand Rhymer.

There used to be considerable lumber business done on Merrymeeting bay, and there lived a noted character on the bay shore, named—say Johnny Jones, who was noted for the handy way in which he could make a rhyme. He used to steal logs from a certain man, who was justice of the peace, and cut them up into shingles. His arrest was caused and he was convicted, and bail was wanted for his appearance at a higher court, but he couldn't get it, so he appealed to the justice to go his bail.

"If you will make me a rhyme I will," said the justice.

He agreed to, but said he must make it from his boat. So he got into the boat and took up his paddle.

"Now, Johnny, for the rhyme," said the justice, who was afraid he might deceive him. But Johnny was true to his promise and gave him this one:

"As true as I am in this boat, and you are on the shore, I have stole forty logs from you, and I'll steal forty more," and away he went. They used to elect Hogreaves at a town meeting, officers whose business it was to impound stray hogs; they also acted as fence viewers. Well, they elected a fellow named Doughty, whom old Johnny didn't like. As soon as they voted Johnny got up and got off the following:

"It appears very strange to my weak brains, that men should be possessed, to pass a vote to choose a shoat to govern all the rest."

A professor at Bowdoin, it is said, gave him a suit of clothes for that rhyme.

Johnny picked up a canoe one day on the bay and put it in his boom. A man named Hunter, of Topsham, heard of the find and declared he was going down to get the canoe, although it was not his. Johnny heard of it, and was on the lookout for the enemy's approach. It was on a bright moonlight night that Hunter started to fulfill his oath. He unlocked the boom and proceeded to the canoe and stepped into it. Just at that moment Johnny stepped out from some birches that grew by the shore, gun in hand, and spoke as follows:

"If you get that I'll pawn my hat. I'll stand not to dispute you. I have got both powder and good shot, and I swear by gad I'll shoot you."

The canoe was not taken.—Bath (Me.) Times.

How Indians Make Jewelry.

The California sea-shell is a regular article of trade among the wild tribes of Indians on the plains, as well as among the civilized ones. The shells are about one-fifth of an inch in thickness, five or six inches long, and four inches broad. They are shaped like a saucer, and the outside is prismatic, the colors often merging into blue, green, pink and gold. Near the edge the shell is very thin and delicate, but hard to break. The Indians saw it into pieces, some round, others square, oblong or pendant, and these they string together by means of wire passed through little holes bored in the pieces. Brass beads are often strung on wires, as a sort of washer, between different parts of the earring, while those suspended on sinew form the pendants. A large brass ring for the ear generally begins a Sioux earring, and to this are hung five or six pendants, made of beads supported on wire. To these pendants are attached a crosspiece of green hide or wool, then another column of pendants. To these are hung large and small beads, then another crosspiece, and next three large wampum-beads, beneath which is suspended the piece of shell that gives the earring its value. A shell will make one pair of rings, and it generally costs two robes, or six dollars. They are something over a foot long, and from three to four inches in breadth at their widest portion. What the ears of the Indians are made of to withstand such a strain is a mystery; but pride and vanity tell the story of savage as well as the more civilized dwellers in cities and towns.

Professor J. R. Sealey says that if the United States and Russia hold together for another half century they will at the end of that time dwarf old European States like Germany and France and depress them into a second class.

A German doctor says: "Melt some suspected butter; soak worsted or a wick in it; when cold light it like a candle; blow it out; if it is oleomargarine it will smell like a blown out candle; if it is butter it will smell like butter."

The cellars under Philadelphia's new city hall are the largest in America, their area being four and a half acres.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Cows are still used to drag the plow in Central Germany.

There is said to be three cents' worth of gold in every ton of sea water.

The game of draw-poker was invented about 1846 or 1847 by a noted Tennessee turfman named Kirkman.

The English sent all their fine goods to be dyed in Holland until the seventeenth century, when the art was brought to them.

Faustus, the professor of magic, on whose traditional adventures Goethe founded his poem, lived about the end of the fifteenth century.

Amber is a fossil resin, and is now known to be the resinous exudation from several species of extinct coniferous trees. Most of the amber of commerce is obtained from the shores of the Baltic.

In early times the method of executing criminals in Holland was to confine them solely to the use of bread in which no salt was contained, and which ultimately occasioned death by engendering a fatal form of disease.

The word merschaum is a German compound, and means sea foam. It is a mineral, and resembles chalk. It is found in Turkey, Greece, and Spain, where it is usually found in veins, as other minerals are.

The reason why a passing train causes the jarring of a building near by is that the train jars the ground over which it passes, which is communicated to the building. This is felt to a greater degree in the winter, when the ground is frozen solid, than in the summer, when the ground, being light and soft, does not so easily transmit the jarring motion given by the train.

M. du Sommerard, the director of the Clu museum, of Paris, was one day in a restaurant in St. Denis, when he noticed hanging on the wall a copper dripping pan of unusual shape. He looked at it closely, and saw under a thick layer of rust and smut engraved letters. Without comment he bought it of the surprised owner. It proved to be the plate from Louis XIV's coffin. It bears the united arms of France and Navarre, surrounded by the collar of the order of St. Louis, two angels as supporters, and the inscription: "Here lies the noble and mighty Prince King Louis the Fourteenth, King of France and Navarre, etc. Requiescat in pace." It was probably torn from the coffin in 1793, when the mob broke into the burial place of the Bourbon kings at St. Denis.

Mortality in Armies.

A learned professor of the university at Pavia has compiled and published a statistical account of the proportionate number of deaths in European armies. He finds that in every 10,000 men the comparative mortality amounts to only fifty-seven in Prussian armies, whereas in the English it is eighty-four and in the French ninety-two, while in the Austrian and Italian it rises as high as 112 and 116. This very moderate number recorded to the credit of Prussia is the more remarkable inasmuch as it is said to have been ascertained that in her armies a considerable number of deaths are the result of suicide. There are, however, some other very curious anomalies in the table thus made out. For instance, the tendency of soldiers to die appears to increase almost in inverse proportion to the rate of mortality among civilians. Thus, among the latter, the number of deaths in every 10,000 amounts to 217 in England, 244 in France, and 269 in Prussia. This would make it appear that in the last mentioned country the warriors are about five times less likely to die than the civil population; whereas, in France and England they are only twice as unlikely to pay the debt of nature. The professor is obliged to infer from this that the sanitary conditions under which Prussian soldiers live are very far more satisfactory than those of military life in England or France. But it may be suggested that some other important considerations ought to be admitted in explaining the difference between the three armies. French, and still more especially British soldiers, are exposed to all sorts of risks in the unhealthy districts to which they are liable to be sent, even in times of peace, whereas Germany, with its lack of colonies, has no occasion to send the children of the Fatherland to such outlandish and uncomfortable quarters. But this explanation still leaves it an open question why the Prussian hosts should be so much more healthy than the Austrian, which enjoy a similar immunity.—London Times.

A Japanese Funeral.

If it were evening you might see a Japanese funeral procession. says a letter from Japan. The funerals here are always conducted at sunset, in accordance with a superstition that is rather beautiful than otherwise. The procession is headed by priests and a company of musicians, who play upon samisens and beat on tom-toms. The coffin is a wooden tub in which the deceased is squatting as he has lived, with his feet tucked under him. There is this difference, however. The face of the dead man is looking toward the north, whereas this position is religiously avoided by the living Japanese. Indeed, the points of the compass are frequently marked on the ceilings of sleeping rooms, that the sleeper may arrange his mats so as to avoid this unfavorable position. The wealthy class are buried in earthen jars instead of wooden tubs, but the mode of arrangement is the same. These peculiar-shaped coffins do not take up the space required

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1884.

The United States of Ohio beats the world—either in fraternal good feeling or in angry political fights—and when two such champions as ex-speaker Kiefer and Correspondent Boynton shake their quills at each other in language that means, "you lie air"—there is no other way than to give them a chance to fight it out. This has been done, and each will have a chance to air his troubles before a Congressional Committee that don't care a copper which rooster whips. As for the contestants, they both seem happy, like Lincoln's answer about Sherman's march to the sea, each can see the hole he went in at, but no fellow knows the hole he will come out at. The longest pole always knocks the pessimists.

The President's first state dinner of the season, following the old time custom, was given to the Cabinet, and as honored officials they had precedence over the President's other invited guests. The hall was beautifully arranged and made inspiring by music from the Marine band. The East room was turned into a grand conservatory, filled with rare plants and exotics, while mantels and window embrassures were banked with choicest foliage plants, the immense chandeliers being completely enveloped in smilax. The Green, Blue and Red parlors were done up and decorated in the most artistic manner, and the silver Hiawatha boat, presented to Mrs. Grant, freighted with sweetest rose buds, stood on an antique marble table near the foot of the stairs. The state dining room was decorated with palms and blooming azaleas, and the table, with thirty-six covers, showed the rare skill of the florist. The long central mirror, converted into a miniature lake, was set with coral shores and mossy islands, bearing a fleet of tiny boats filled with roses. Above it was a hanging garden, more than three feet high and six feet long, with supports of red and white carnations. On the garden were banks of Marechal Niel and Bon Silene roses, set with rare orchids. At either end were tall gilt candelabra bearing shaded wax lights, and beyond them large crystal bowls overrunning with long stemmed roses. At the ends were plaques of roses, carnations and hyacinths, flanked by silver candelabra. Six wine glasses, a water carafe goblet, and a heavy gilt embossed name-card was at each plate. A boutonniere was laid on the plate of each gentleman, and a flat corsage bouquets of fine roses was provided for the ladies. The dinner consisted of sixteen courses.

There is a great amount of bosh as to the necessity for a clerk for every Congressman. Could there be a proper discretion exercised, a sort of civil service supervision of the whole matter, so as to determine who did and who did not need a clerk, it would be a wise measure. There are Congressmen who could keep two good clerks at work all the time, and their constituents and the country would find the investment a good one. There are others brought here by the great political upheaval, who never earned an annual salary of \$1,200 in their lives, and to whom a clerk is as needless as the fifth wheel of a buggy. The adjustment is so difficult and seedy Democratic applicants are so rampagously hungry that about 200 of these fellows are clamoring to be provided for at Uncle Sam's expense.

Senators have a good deal of fun at executive sessions that are held with closed doors, which means the reporters for the press must keep out. At a recent session it is reported that a lively tilt took place between the presiding officer, Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi. The question at issue was the confirmation of a district attorney for the state of Georgia. Mr. Edmunds left the chair and proceeded to castigate the Southern members with a vigor unknown during the last two administrations. Report says he held the Southern members responsible for the "terrible, unlawful, and iniquitous condition of political persecution in the South." Mr. Lamar was so offended that he declared that "all personal relations between us must cease." At last accounts however, Mr. Edmunds had not resigned his seat.

Without going into the question of the truth or falsity of Mr. Edmunds' charges, it does not help his opponents any to show their anger and petulance in this manner. That there are outrages and murders at the South—that districts containing from 1,000 to 1,300 registered voters are so manipulated, in some manner, that none of these voters exercise the right of suffrage—is too well attested, even in Mr. Lamar's own state, to be gainsaid or disputed. If these voters are excluded from the polls on account of their religion or vocations, or the color of their eyes, or cut of their clothes, it would be the easiest thing in the world to prove it. If they are, on the other hand, deprived of their rights as citizens because of their political faith, it will not disprove it for Mr. Lamar to get mad at a brother senator for affirming it, and declare that he will never again let him slide down his cellar-door or swing on his front gate. Mr. Edmunds is not a man who has the reputation of making meaningless assertions on the floor of the senate, and his cool and considerate declarations cannot be answered by the petulance or anger of those who are winged by his accurate shots.

There is no one system more defective than the proper care of the poor in a great city. There is enough latent benevolence in every community if rightly expanded, to provide for all needy

worthy persons. Three years ago the whole district was organized under a system of associated charities, with its inspectors and distributors, and no case was helped by any citizen except upon a report made after examination. The system put a complete stoppall upon street begging. This winter a lot of restless individuals raised the hue and cry of great want among the poor. A public meeting was called. Large sums were contributed. The police were made the distributors, and this has brought every tramp within 100 miles to the city, and beggars are found everywhere. The work of the associated charities has been largely increased by this inconsiderate action and great mischief.

Another landmark is to be removed to make way for the steady march of improvement at the Capital. Col. Casey, superintendent of the State, War and Navy Department building, is to advertise for proposals for the removal of the old Navy Department building, which fronts on 17th street. The work of tearing down the building will begin on the 18th of February, and the ground must be cleared by the 1st of April, when the work of laying the foundation of the east wing of the building will be commenced. A photograph of the old building will be taken, with the new structure as a background. The picture itself will be a history of Washington improvements. The old building has many associations, and to photograph it seems very appropriate. It was the first departmental building constructed by the Government, its lower stories were built in 1798, and was used by the State, Treasury, War and Navy. It will be but a few years before all the old landmarks of Washington will have gone the way of all the earth.

PHAKS.

MR. E. MARTIN,

In Porter's Department of the U. S. Armory, Springfield, Mass.—

Interesting Statement of his Suffering.

Here are plain facts from a very reliable source. Your reporter found Mr. Martin in Porter's department of the United States Armory, Springfield, Mass. After being introduced, Mr. Martin said: "I am willing to say what I can for the benefit of those afflicted as I have been. For years I have been a terrible sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles. Mine visited of the calculus or stony form. I have visited all the mineral springs whose waters have been recommended to me by the best medical authorities. I have tried every known remedy, and have submitted to several operations, and have tried everything which may could obtain in the way of relief, but I find that Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is the best medicine of all my experience—I have received more benefit from it. It is certainly a wonderful medicine for diseases of this kind. I have recommended FAVORITE REMEDY to others in the city of Springfield whom I knew to have suffered from kidney and liver complaints; and I assure the public that the FAVORITE REMEDY has done its work with a similar completeness in every instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the FAVORITE REMEDY as I did." Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. FAVORITE REMEDY is a combination of vegetable alteratives. It does not heat nor inflame the blood, but cools and purifies it. In all cases of kidney troubles, liver complaints, constipation of the bowels, and the delicate derangements that afflict women, the action of FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business documents and certificates never possess.

Jan 25-1884

ARLINGTON

Miniature Directory, 1884.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—William A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, James A. E. Bailey, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., R. W. Hopkins.

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.

Water Registrar, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer. George A. Stearns, Matt. Rowe, 2d. Assts. Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

HIGHLAND HOSE, NO. 2.

Foreman, James Fermoy; Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3.

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st. asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MENOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.

Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

Eugene Meade, chief. Patrick J. Shean. Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building. Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Wm. G. Peck, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock. Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. G. Allen, assistant supt. John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10.45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PAKISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9.30. H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10.45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector.

Morning prayer and sermon 10.30; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt; James Wilson, librarian.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Pastor.

Edwin Mills, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7.30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6.30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor.

Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock, high mass at 10.30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer, Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. W. H. Daniels, Pastor.

Preaching at 10.45 a. m.; Praise service at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at noon. James Hurd, superintendent. John K. Simpson, secretary and treasurer.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. C. W. Halsey, N. G. Secretary, George H. Rugg, Per. Sec. George A. Sawyer. G. Hill, Jr., Treasurer.

Arlington Lodge, No. 584, K. of H. Meet in Reynolds Hall, second and fourth Mondays of each month. John H. Hardy, Dict. Reporter, I. O. Carter. Treasurer, R. W. Shattuck.

Frances Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meet in Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Horace D. Durgin, Commander. Adjt, James A. Blanchard. Q. M., James A. Marden.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hibernian Hall (old Adams School house), first Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p.m. President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean, secretary. John McGrah, treasurer.

Ponemah Tribe, No. 9, Improved Order of Red Men. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, every Friday evening. James Durgin, Prophet; Wm. J. Dinsmore, Sachem; Albert E. Cotton, Chief of Records.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meet in Hibernian Hall the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, president; Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer, Matthew Rowe.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, No. 19, Order of American Orangemen. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, first and third Mondays of each month. Thomas Roden, W. M.; Geo. Reynolds, D. M.; W. J. Dinsmore, secretary; James Durgin, treasurer.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meet in vestry of St. Malachy church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, president. Secretary, John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E. O'Leary.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meet once in two weeks, on Thursdays, in vestry of Congregational church, Pleasant street, at 4 o'clock. Mrs. R. W. Hilliard, president. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C. Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Cutting High School Alumni Association. Edgar Crosby, president. Secretary and treasurer, George H. Cutler.

At a meeting of the Mass. Horticultural Society, last Saturday, Hon. F. B. Hayes described his beautiful lawn at Lexington, explaining his methods of construction and of cultivation. He cuts the grass weekly, and rolls immediately after cutting, and does not water after the first of September.

Stevens & Manchester, Designers, Engravers and Stationers. We invite your inspection of our imported and domestic stationery in all forms. Fine sizes, colors and tints. Wedding invitations, visiting, reception, dinner, birthday, and correspondence cards a specialty. Call and examine, at 37 West St., Boston.

Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

No cure! No pay! Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam, when once used, takes the place of all others. See our advertising columns.

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is ground from pure Wheat, and furnishes the public the means of supplying a perfect food, for after using this article a certain length of time, persons find their vital forces increased and their tissues strengthened, because the whole wheat contains the vital principle which is lost in the flour—the bolting, or sifting process in the manufacturing process of the latter taking the vital principle from it. Its quality, as it leaves the Arlington Mills, is guaranteed to be of superior excellence and purity.

The article we manufacture is guaranteed to have the virtues we claim for it, and if any deterioration is noticed, it must be from tampering with it by outside parties, as the only trouble we have had is from parties who have done so. Send for circular.

Corn, Meal, Oats, Cracked Corn, And Feed of all kinds, in large or small quantities, at

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Louise M. Alcott. J. T. Trowbridge

Captain Mayne Reid,

Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen,

Maurice Thompson, Frank R. Stockton,

Charles Dudley Warner,

Joaquin Miller,

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

Julian Hawthorne, Celia Thaxter,

Mary Mapes Dodge, Lt. Fred K. Schwatka,

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop,

E. S. Brooks,

George W. Cable, Chas. G. Leland,

Susan Fenimore Cooper,

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and scores of other distinguished writers. The best artists and engravers illustrate the magazine. It has been truly said that the reading of ST. NICHOLAS is

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THE CENTURY CO., New York, N. Y.



THE CENTURY.

PROGRAMME, 1883-'84.

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, if anything, more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, the descriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

THREE STORIES BY HENRY JAMES, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. B. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A NOVELLETTE BY H. H. NOYSE, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses, etc. To be profusely illustrated.

A NOVELLETTE BY ROBERT GRANT, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man," a story of New York.

THE DEAD WINNERS, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH, with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian moral to the present phases of modern life.

COASTING ABOUT THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

SCENES FROM THE NOVELS, Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Cable, with authentic drawings.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES, the record of a yacht cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

BARFIELD IN ENGLAND extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1887.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTER, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on modern England, by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated series on Egypt, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archaeology, by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc.

Subscription price \$4.00 per year; single numbers sold everywhere at 25 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express orders, registered letter, bank check or draft.

SPECIAL OFFER. To enable new subscribers to begin with the first volume under the CENTURY name, we make the following special offer:

New subscribers beginning with November, 1883, may obtain the magazine for one year from date, and the twenty-four previous numbers, unbound, for \$2.00. Regular price for the three years \$12.00.

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